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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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The Publisher's Function

THE business of printing and selling books has reached a high level of efficiency in America. The organization of a modern publishing house is equipped to meet most problems of manufacture, advertising, publicity, distribution, and so on. The development of modern book advertising and publicity alone has been amazing. New ingenious schemes for interesting the public in particular books are constantly being evolved. As to manufacture, the taste and skill exercised in the making of many modern volumes reflects great credit upon the profession of publisher. We expect to say something rather medicinal in a moment, and so, quite frankly, we are sugar-coating the pill.

It is in the editorial department of publishing that we discern a few faults. We shall try to stipulate clearly just what they are.

What, in chief, is the publisher's function? As we conceive it, it is to print and sell books which both author and publisher may properly regard as, at the very least, sound in construction and craftsmanship. It is not a question, merely, of securing the work of prominent authors and popular authors and simply "putting it through," with the occasional more carefully considered publication of promising material by less well-known writers. The publisher who lives up to the best ideals of his profession—for profession it is, as well as business—must constantly exercise the most discriminating and intelligent editorial supervision of every single book he publishes. That would seem to go without saying.

In all publishing houses a staff of professional readers sifts manuscripts and hands on opinions of the books that may prove worthy of the publisher's list. Manuscripts in some way superlative advance to the desks of the chief editors. By the time a manuscript is accepted, presumably a definite body of valuable opinion concerning it has been precisely formulated.

And just at that "stage of the game," taking many recent books as evidence, the proper editorial coöperation with the author, advice, pregnant suggestion, skilled aid, seem to us to be wanting. A large publishing house is, of course, a mill that grinds forth many books. But with the proper organization and attention, there should be no reason why more care is not exercised in advance "treatment" of the individual volume. Many a book is now put forth, bearing a noted name, which, by ordinarily intelligent coöperation between publisher and author could have been distinctly bettered in many aspects. To be specific, an otherwise admirable novel may sag badly in the middle, the writing of the latter half of it may be much inferior to the preceding part, plot or characterization may suddenly be bungled, the author may, in some particular section, lose his sense of proportion, befog a clear issue, or badly violate the unity of a fine conception.

Where a noted name is involved there exists, of course, in this age of keen competition, the publisher's fear of losing from his list a valuable property. The author may rebel at any suggestion—with perhaps dire results. But, on the other hand, most authors are reasonable. Perhaps many of them are from Missouri, and have to be "shown;" yet that is just where the publisher should display acumen keen enough, intelligence large enough, and practiced, expert skill enough to tell them just what is wrong with an otherwise excellent product, and to suggest a remedy.

When we say "publisher" above, we are re-

(*Continued on page* 701)

Who Has Not, Cannot Have

By AMY LOWELL

LANCES slanted against a froward sky,
So do the days of my life appear before me,
O verily Beloved.
Tempt me not, therefore, that I linger
With my long, pointed, red morocco shoes
Scuffing the fallen vine-leaves
A-skip upon the lozenged marbles of your floor.
I am not a man for chess and blue cushions,
For sheep's-eyeing across lute-strings
Of a dapper afternoon.
What were you among the cooks and water-boys,
Camping on a wind-vexed plain at nightfall
Amid the chattering stalks of last year's grasses,
While I, in some lost distance, wage a war
Against the goblins of a mouldering generation?
Would you follow my torn banners where they
flicker
In and out of the cloven bellies of mountains,
And the hail-stones gash like javelins,
And the sun dries up the roots of hair
Till my horse is naked as a woman
Bartered for an arid territory?
There are such, my lady,
And I have lands and lances to compel them,
And owe them nothing but a five-petalled kiss
Blooming between a brace of bloody battles.

This Week

"A History of the Pharaohs." Reviewed by *Ashton Sanborn.*

"More Changes More Chances." Reviewed by *T. J. C. Martyn.*

"Dawn Boy." Reviewed by *Mary Austin.*

"Disraeli and Gladstone." Reviewed by *Wilbur C. Abbott.*

The Bowling Green. By *Christopher Morley.*

A London Letter. By *Roderick Random.*

Cursing and Discoursing. By *W. R. B.*

Trade Winds. By *P. E. G. Quercus.*

The Phœnix Nest. By *The Phoenician.*

Next Week or Later

On Reviewing. By *Willa Cather.*

Poincaré's Reminiscences. Reviewed by *Archibald Cary Coolidge.*

"The Letters of Bret Harte." Reviewed by *Henry Seidel Canby.*

"Odtaa." Reviewed by *William Rose Benét.*

"Howard Pyle." Reviewed by *Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.*

Good Theatre*

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

CHARACTERS
THE GIRL IN THE BOX OFFICE
FIRST DINNER JACKET
SECOND DINNER JACKET
TWO STRANGERS
Customers in the lobby, and members of the audience

The scene is the lobby of a New York theatre while a play is in performance within. At the back, center, the window of the box office. Right, at a 45-degree angle, the entrance to the auditorium. The left wall, also at a 45-degree slant, is almost concealed by huge posters of the play, pictures of girls in one-piece bathing suits, large photographs of actors, and such announcements as YOUR MONEY OR YOUR WIFE, THIRD HUGE YEAR, THE PLAY THAT MAKES DIMPLES TO CATCH THE TEARS. SEE THE BATHING CHORUS, THE BABIES THAT MADE THE OCEAN FAMOUS. *Down left, entrance from street.*

The director will note that this piece requires a considerable number of backstage voices carefully drilled to emit, at given moments, the sound of a large audience screeching with laughter. This laughter must have a specially proletarian timbre, it is predominantly feminine and subtly suggests the vulgar horseplay of the piece proceeding within. It is always a sudden unanimous explosion, followed by scattered almost hysterical screams of female merriment. The director will see to it, by giving his signals at the proper instant, that this backstage laughter does not interfere with any possible laughter in the actual audience.

The box-office window is arranged so that the audience can get a clear view of the sprightly young woman in charge of the tickets. At the entrance to the theatre proper, R, are two dark and dapper little men in dinner jackets and velvet hats, very Hart, Schaffner and Marx in aspect, guardians of the doorway; they are almost twin-like in similarity though one is older than the other. Five or six young men and girls are standing L, looking at the posters. Their clothes and umbrellas show that it is raining outside.

Immediately after the rise of the curtain there is a terrific and multitudinous yell of laughter from behind the scene. The young people studying the posters look at each other and then move over to the box-office window, where they go through the motions of inquiring for tickets. Two or three other people also come in from the street, shake off rain, and go to the box-office.

GIRL IN BOX OFFICE (*to these inquirers successively*)
All sold out for the next three weeks.
All sold out.
(*Another loud halloo behind*)
I can give you two in the sky for a week from Monday.
Sometimes there's something turned in just before the show.
Sorry, sister, there ain't a thing.
Not a chance.
Positively S. R. O.
(*A supreme explosion of laughter inside, followed by single squawks and yelps. The loiterers in the lobby go out reluctantly.*)

N. B.—This play is fully protected by copyright and no readings or amateur performances of any kind may be given without the written permission of and payment of royalty to the author's representative, Norman Lee Swartout, Summit, New Jersey, U. S. A.

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1ST DINNER JACKET—That's where she loses her bathin' suit.

(*He looks at his watch*)

Ten thirty-two. Runnin' right on schedule tonight, we'll let out by eleven five.

2ND D. J.—Does everything always come right on time like that?

1ST D. J.—Sure. You can set your watch by the laughs. You'll learn a lot about the show business when you go on the road with that new company. Hoboken to Tallahassee, they'll all yell at the same thing. The next one comes at ten thirty-three when she uses that hank of seaweed for a skirt. They'll laugh for twelve seconds. Time it for yourself.

(*He holds out his watch for younger man to see. A howl of laughter from behind, diminishing and then renewing, lasting exactly twelve seconds. If possible there should be among the backstage voices one that can produce a specially loud, braying, and grotesque masculine yawp, recognizable now and then above the others.*)

2ND D. J.—Pretty good. Not even this storm tonight ain't hurt none.

1ST D. J.—Takes more'n weather to pull this show's punch. Startin' on third year and took twenty-four thousand last week. Some draw, I'll tell the world. With this piece Monday's near as good as Saturday, and any showman'll tell you that's a miracle.

(*Another uproar behind*)

2ND D. J.—I thought it bein' Hallowe'en might cut into business, so many parties on tonight.

(*During this conversation two men in Elizabethan costumes have entered from the street, shaking raindrops from their cloaks and plumed hats, and look about them curiously. They examine the posters, confer together, suggest in dumb show that there is something about these that they do not understand, and go to the box-office window. Meanwhile continued explosions of laughter from behind make them look oddly at one another. The two Dinner Jackets, talking together, half turned toward offstage, as though looking into the house, do not notice these visitors until, a moment later, the voice of the girl at the box-office catches their attention.*

(*The two visitors, whom we will identify merely as W and F, are very different in demeanor. W, of medium stature, inclined to plumpness, has a high forehead prematurely baldish, auburn hair, bright hazel eyes, a small moustache, and a very tiny beard on his lower lip. He is of mercurial, sensitive, excitable disposition. The other, F, is more controlled; taller and thinner, with dark eyes and the arched brows of a humorist. His handsome face is shrewd, observant, cynical, a trifle sombre; he has a drooping moustache and a neat beard.*)

2ND D. J.—(*timing another laugh*): Six seconds for that one.

1ST D. J.—Yeh. That's where she skids on the jellyfish. At matinees that on'y gets four seconds. They always laugh longer at night. Nothing on their minds, I guess. Kids in bed and dishwashing all done for the day.

2ND D. J.—That's the only trouble by this show. So much time out for laughs, always I miss the 11.25 for Cypress Hills.

1ST D. J.—Don't be sore on them laughs, brother. Every one o' them screams is a meal ticket. That's what I call good theayter.

GIRL (*loudly*)—Not a darn thing. What's the use you boys coming round here in fancy dress an' tryin' to kid me?

W (*to F*)—Who is the saucy knave to use us thus? There was a varlet once at the barrier of the Globe spoke me just so. I draggled him in Bankside.

1ST D. J. (*turning*)—Coupla birds from that fancy dress ball at the Astor.

GIRL—No, you can't go in without seats. Standing Room's full up. Besides the show's most over, they're in the last act.

W—I'll not stomach it.

GIRL—Don't try to start nothin' round here. Run back to the costumer's and put on your pants.

W—Godamercy, to be groundlinged thus. Ho, young capon, forth and be carved. (*Makes as if to draw his rapier.*)

F (*restraining him*)—Tush, Will, tush. No offence was meant. Besides it is no fire-eater. Seest thou not, tis but a wench?

W—Go to! A wench in the theatre? (*Looks at her closely*) Zounds, 'tis even so. Nay then, considered as wench she is not ill favored, though uncouth in the poll. (*He refers, need we explain, to her close cropped hair.*)

GIRL—You boys better get home to New Haven and sleep it off.

W—Nay, duckling, spite me not. What manner of play is this? (*Laughter behind.*) It reapeth public favor?

GIRL—It's a knockout. Mean to say you ain't heard of it?

F—But is it play indeed, play absolute? Once this evening we were shrewdly gulled with accelerated portraits—

GIRL—Come again, Webster. I don't get you.

W—Instead of proper playhouse life and doings
On a whited arras we saw passage
Of wild phantasmas and distracted shades
With trivial texts between. Inexplicable dumb-show!
A murrain on such cozenage!

GIRL—Oh, sure, it's a real stage play, not a pitcher.—Better stick around. I might find you two good seats, about a month from now.

W—Gramercy; this is our only night. We saw your fiery blazons overhead. "Your Money or Your Wife"—the title's merry.

F—The alternative is justly choosed. The more wiving, the less in pocket.

GIRL—Yeh, it's a nifty. Gets 'em coming. It ain't nothing to do with the show. Just a line.

W—But what meaneth this bombast touching tears and dimples?

F—A form of hyperbole, I trow; inclining men's minds to credit that the piece assuageth dolor with concurrent risibles, moving simultaneously to grief and merriment.

(*Another yell of laughter inside*)

W—Merriment, indeed. Lord, Frank, they whooped it just so at the old Globe. I know that voice of the groundlings. I'll warrant some zany hath fallen on his rump.

GIRL—It's a good guess.

W—And your choirboys yonder. (*He points to poster of the bathing beauties.*) A cunning trick of padding. They counterfeit damsels right briskly. 'Tis good for business.

GIRL—*Boys!* Say, what do you think this is? The Columbia varsity show?—Mr. Einstein! Let these guys breathe on *your* neck. I'm busy.

F—The wench is something choleric. Accost the little gemini in sable.

(*They make a courteous bow to the two Dinner Jackets*)

W—Gentles, Godigoden (*which is correct Elizabethan for "God give you good even"*).

1ST D. J.—You *can't* get in. Sorry, gents; full house.

W—A brave night for the author.

F—What have we here; something comicall-tragicall-historical-pastoral?

(*Another shout of laughter inside*)

1ST D. J.—It don't sound tragical-historical, does it? Come on, boys, what's the big idea? You from that party at the Astor?

W—Gossip, we come from far; our inquest's honest.

1ST D. J.—Inquest! No one dead around here.

W—*When I was at the Globe—*

1ST D. J.—The Globe? Oh, friends of Charley Dillingham, maybe. Say, are you professionals? Why didn't you flash a card—

W—We had a hope to learn what new progressions, what simulations and what pretty arts the playhouse stages now. Tell us the course and color of your drama.

1ST D. J.—Sure, it's a pleasure. Greatest wallop Broadway ever had. It's got everything, sure-fire. Comedy, music, dancing—

F—Dancing to song, if sweetly devised, is a thing of great pleasure. It hath an extreme good grace, and maketh sport for the vulgar.

1ST D. J.—You said it. Boy, wait till you see that chorus. Well, it's like this. There's an ornery old bird living on Long Island, that's kinda gypped his brother outa the family property, they had a run-in and the brother went off to Florida, years ago when it was all just a sand beach.

W—Florida?

F—A kind of plantation, perchance—

1ST D. J.—Oh, filling stations and scenery and one-piece bathing suits. Where folks lay around on the sand and wait for the newspapers to take their picture.

W—A Forest of Arden—(*He is listening with closest attention*).

1ST D. J.—So the brother beats it off down there in the sunshine. He gets together a kind of Boy Scout Troop, a bunch of his old buddies that's all cuckoo for the simple life. They camp out in the jungle and sing barber shop harmony and swear it beats Times Square all hollow. And there's a Gloomy Gus along who pulls a swell line of philosophy. He's full o' the heebejeebies but he's one grand wise-cracker. (*Loud laughter behind.*) There, that's him now.

F (*to W*)—Nay, there is strange infusion in his discourse. I make but doubtful seizure of his drift.

W (*nudges him*)—Soft, soft! This is of notable purport. (*"Purport," in Elizabethan usage, is accented on the second syllable.*) (*To D. J.*)—But the wenches, man! Sure your author hath not fobbed you off with a mere parcel of—(*he hesitates for the word*)—wise-crackers—moralizing in the greenwood? What is a play without wenches?

1ST D. J.—You should worry. This is Broadway, ain't it? Sure, I'm coming to that. There's a coupla lovely girls, they get fed up living with the rich guy and they run away to Florida, too.

W—Ha! Habited as boys?

1ST D. J.—How'd you know? Yeh, it's a fack, though it don't really make much difference; they're all dressed like boys nowadays. And there's a young feller, a mechanic that works in a garridge who's fell terrible hard for Rosie—that's one of the girls. He's crazy about her, just worships her, and the poor bimbo can't do nothing but blow up her tires and fill her batt'ry with acid—

F—The scoundrel!

1ST D. J.—Oh, no, just this what they call love at first sight. The girl likes him, too. He's a big athaletic kid and she's seen him do his stuff at a boxing bout they put on for charity. You know how these classy dames falls for that sorta thing.

W—And your lovesick mechanical follows to the Forest of—to Florida?

1ST D. J.—You betcha. He opens up a hot dog stand and names it for her, calls it Pretty Rosie's Dog Parlor. He does a big sideline in cold cream, too.

F—Hot dogs, cold cream, a strange antipathy. What is't, a kennel or a dairy?

1ST D. J.—Cold cream for sunburn. Most of those dames down there gets themselves sunburned right up to the horizon. Well, the kid's clever, on trees along the road he hangs signs *Get Your Dogs at Pretty Rosie's*, and *For Sunburned Legs Come to Pretty Rosie's*. When she sees these signs everywhere she thinks it's a queer coincidence.

F—'Tis ever the weakness of playwrights. They are not content till plodding probability leapeth like a flea.

S—This—this dame you mention—she seeks him out, undaunted by his kennel of wild hounds?

1ST D. J.—At first he don't reckonize her in her pants, and she pulls his leg something fierce; it's a riot. Then, of course, the chorus comes on, the whole gang goes in swimming, and say, there's some slick love-making—

(*Laughter behind*)

That's what they're doing now. (*He looks off, as if into the theatre. W approaches the doorway and looks off also, vastly interested.*)

F—For the stage, love is matter of comedies; but in life it doth much mischief.

1ST D. J. (*turning to F*)—Say, your friend's a good showman. He talks like balloon soup, but he knows good theayter.

F—Aye, he hath a practitioner's eye for a love scene.

1ST D. J.—I think he's kidding me. He's seen this show before.

F—'Tis possible—

W (*from doorway, exulting*)—Lord, Frank—Our darling fustian!—Aye, the very thing! (*Continues to gaze entranced, while a great shout of laughter comes from behind.*)

1ST D. J. (*to F*)—Then the real estate boom hits

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'em, the old wise-crackers is so busy laying out waterfront lots on mortgage they has no time to picnic in the woods; land values goes to the sky and even Gloomy Gus starts a development. The old fourflusher on Long Island loses his jack in Wall Street an' has to come down to borrow from his brother and say he never meant it. They get him a job as a bellhop at Coral Gables. Just a grand hokum fadeout, and everybody happy.

(*Laughter within. W comes back from doorway radiant.*)

W—Ah, Frank, thou shouldst write plays.

F—Tush, these are but toys.

W—To hear the groundlings roar as they do now,
Oh noble sport, sport royal!—Thou'rt too nice.
To my gross Bankside wit, 'tis meat and drink
To hear the addled citizens at their mirth—
Their lewd and lackwit innocent noble mirth!

1ST D. J.—Yeh, it's a great show; a great play for the public.

W—I thought so once myself.

1ST D. J.—Would you believe, every critic in town panned it—

F—The intellect of man, then, is not dead.

1ST D. J.—Give 'em what they like, as they like it—

F (*to W*)—As *you* like it—

(*Laughter within*)

W—Nay, Frank, I see thou hast no playhouse heart;
In this my mystery thou art not capable.
Why even this hodge-pudding of poor dross
Brings me my old ecstatics into mind—
How from the moment of first entrance on
To strike them with the sense of some suspension,
Some controverse of passion and desire
So that without a guess of what's to come
They feel the onward moving, and are thrilled—

1ST D. J.—Sure! You gotta have suspense—

W—To hold all this within the troubled wit
And ere a line be charactered, to feel
In airy storage in the delicate brain
Your creatures at their doing—
Not trammelled up with heavy circumstance
But actual and free—yea, this is godlike!

1ST D. J.—I've got a kid in Bushwick High, she said exackly the same thing. She's only sixteen but she's took a correspondence course in playwriting. Her mother was trouping in East Lynne before she was born, I think that gave the kid a sorta litry slant.

(*Laughter behind*)

W—That uproar hath the proper vulgar note,
Sweet in the playwright's ear. Your auditors
Seasoned with mirth and ripe in apprehension
Then curiously draw your tensions tighter,
Let glamour tease them on.

1ST D. J.—That's right: get 'em laughing, you can do anything with 'em.

F—As Tully hath it, *Haec ego non rideo; non sal sed natura ridetur;* which is to say, meseems these cachinnations are not caused by wit but by mere animal heyday. Thou rememberest, Will, all motives of laughing have been anatomized in three: foreigners, bodily prostrations, and strong cheese; whereof the merriment of the third seems most difficult to construe.—Confound not these baubles with thine own heavenly stuff.

W—Then think you that the roister-doister vein
Requires no cunning? E'en your fustian
Must be just so; so filed and peized
To weigh the voice and carriage of the speech,
To throw the cranky jape just on the moment,
Dibble the seedling theme in earthy sconces
And plant it unawares; and get it over
To a stamping coughing jostling stinking pit
Of ragamuffins, grooms, and varletry,
The cut and longtail of the populace—
And still have grace for loftier quiddities
To please the court and gentry—
There's an art,
Lord Chancellor, that statesmen in great place
Might study to their profit.

(*Laughter behind*)

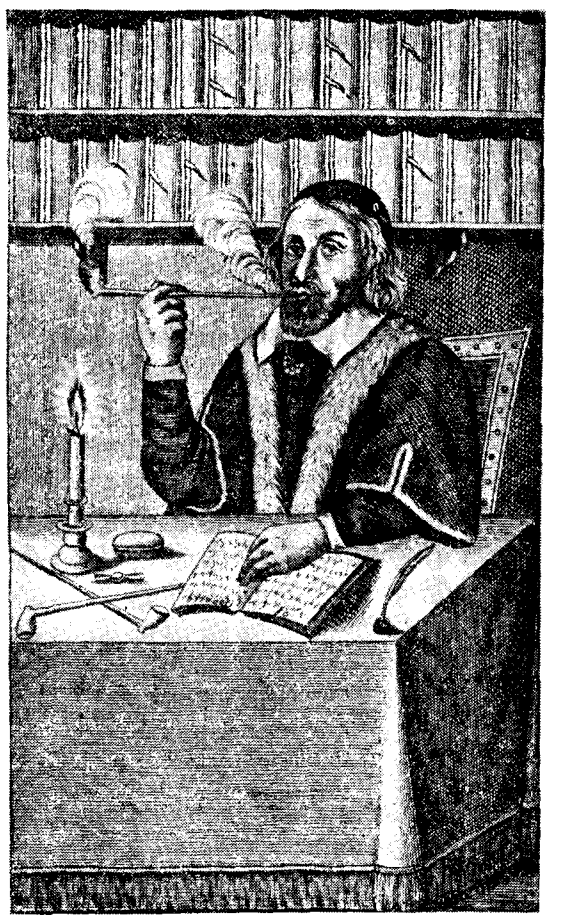
Mark you, the veriest groundling of the lot
Must see himself, his inward hope or grievance,
Active on the scene. Aye, this it is
That makes our stagy antics quick and sheer:
Lo, on the very instant of their doing
They are transmuted to the blood and stuff
Of every hearer; who admires the image
And hugs it as his own, or fashions it
To suit his private fancy.

1ST D. J.—It's a fack; we have to keep a cop at the stage door to move on the bozos.

W—It is the varsal ego in men's bosoms
That gives 'em stomach, in their loneliness,
To chew and savour this our bright pretence
And take it to themselves.—Haply the author
Like the matron pelican of adage
Feeds his unsuspective auditors
From the red artery of his proper breast.

F—Bravo, Will! Almost persuadest thou me! Thou art, what's passing rare in playwrights, nigh as eloquent as thine own creations.

W—My stuff, you say? Fico! A peoplish vein,
With flashes of proud verse,
But farced and strumpeted for greasy groundlings.
Oh halidom, to think what *these* (*gesturing off*) could do,
New fangles and devices for the scene
And women—female women—on the board
To play their lovely, elvish, tragic part
And draw the little nerves of tender feeling
So tight, so strange. Lord, Lord, what truths and triumphs
Are promised for the workmen in this craft.



AN ELIZABETHAN WORTHY

Oh to be actual of it once again—(*a pause*)
Methinks we still might move a heart or two,
And not o'ergild the fable.

GIRL (*coming from box-office; she has her hat on*)—Mr. Einstein, here's the report on tonight's business. Will you OK it please. (*1st D. J. takes the paper and goes into box-office. W is looking into the theatre. The girl turns to F.*) Well old sport, your friend's got quite a line. I been listening in. Gee, he talks like grand op'ra—

2ND D. J.—That musta been some party they were on tonight.

GIRL—Where do you sheiks learn all that new slang, up at college? That's a grand crack about the women, female women. Say, I'd like to have that bird meet some o' my girl friends—

F—Nothing, I trow, would give him greater solace. 'Tis our misfortune we have a journey to perform.

GIRL—Back to New Haven, I spose. Well, there's time for a coupla sundaes before the midnight—

W (*coming from doorway; his eye kindles upon her, and I begin to see myself that she has her charms*)
Ah, sweet chuck; in relenting mood? 'Tis o'erlong since I have seen such brightness in an eye.—
Frank, these new tires do not so ill become them.
(*He indicates her attractive close-fitting little hat*)
A goodly porringer!—An we held converse together, duckling, deemst thou not we might find topics of good cheer?

GIRL (*who has quite succumbed to this mode of address*)—I'll say so. What you doin' after the show? Do you Charleston?

2ND D. J.—Hey, I thought you were dated up with me—

W—We might repair to a tavern—

F—Will, our space is short. On the punctual midnight—

GIRL—Frank, you're an old iceberg. Damn the midnight. There's plenty of trains at Grand Central.

W—I had forgot. 'Tis true, we make a journey —(*chaffing her genially*) a journey that permits no baggages. (*Then almost as if to himself*) The dead shepherd spoke the seasonable line—poor Kit. (*He quotes.*) "That time might cease, and midnight never come."

GIRL—That's the idea.

W (*Takes her arm, looks at her quizzically and tenderly*)
—Sweetheart, I had a gust for frolic once.
Savor thy passing hours; may they be sweet—
(*She leans toward him, meeting him clearly in the eye; it is even suspicionable that a kiss is toward, while F watches in amused tolerance; what the 2nd D. J. thinks I don't care, he is only a puppet anyhow; but then, after just enough pause, comes a burst of clapping from within.*)

GIRL—That's the curtain. Cheese it, here they come. Meet you here in three minutes.

(*She runs off, into the auditorium.*)

W (*looking after her*) And so, goodnight.

(*A confused sound of movement from behind. W. and F stand a moment uncertainly.*)

F—Come, Will. Here we have no part. We are but cuckoos in the nest—

W—Or those thin shadows on the whited screen. The word is exit.

(*As they go toward the street, L, drawing their cloaks about them, 1st D. J. bobs out of the box-office.*)

1ST D. J.—Well, so long, boys, glad to see you any time you're around.

(*They make a polite salute, and are gone.*)

(*The advance guard of a typical musical comedy audience comes through the doorway, R; the men lighting cigarettes, women adjusting their wraps. They pause to utter comments, which must be very distinctly said and not hurried.*Q

MEMBERS OF THE AUDIENCE—
A great show.
Certainly was comical.
I thought I'd die laughing.
I could see that all over again.
How d'you suppose they think up them things.
I liked it, it was *different.*
It sure was original.

CURTAIN

Faure in Translation

THE DANCE OVER FIRE AND WATER. By ELIE FAURE. Translated by John Gould Fletcher. New York. Harper & Bros. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

MILADY was the tragedy of my life. I was fourteen years old and some one had told me about Alexandre Dumas. And so I set forth to get me a copy of "The Three Musketeers." Alas! the local lending library charged ten cents for every volume taken out and their only edition of "The Three Musketeers" was a cheap Flemish reprint which came in five "to-be-continued's."

Five times ten makes fifty cents. My frugal parents bestowed upon me a weekly largess of ten cents. That meant that I must practice economy for five whole weeks to get to the end of the story. Once however I had made the acquaintance of d'Artagnan and Athos, I could not stop.

In that dilemma, I appealed to my Mother, and glorious to say, I finished M. Dumas's masterpiece in less than a fortnight. But the shock of the last chapter almost killed my faith in the human race.

A year before, a kindly aunt had given me "Ivanhœ"—a well-known romance by one Sir Walter Scott. That story had told me that all beautiful women were good and true, and at thirteen such a faith was very satisfactory.

But what was I to make of Milady? She was infinitely fairer than any of Sir Walter's heroines,

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and yet she was wicked and evil and in consequence had her head chopped off by the brother of one of her humblest victims. It seemed very dreadful, and it will explain why I hate to review the latest opus of Elie Faure as produced by the rejuvenated House of Harper.

As far as outward appearance goes, this is a most beauteous book. Cover, binding, lettering—they are all of them perfect. But as for the text, Sancta Stultitia, have mercy upon my uncomprehending soul!

In my erstwhile native language, the word for translating is "vertalen." It means "to re-language something." It means that one takes a book writ in a certain language and revaluates the inner sense of this opus in terms that are understandable and at the same time pleasant to the ears of the unfortunate folk who were raised on a different tongue.

This of course is very difficult and to do it well, the "re-languager" must have a profound knowledge of at least two vernaculars and must be possessed of a delicate sense of literary values.

Now with your kind permission let me open Faure's volume at random. The finger of bibliomancery points to the following passage:

> There is necessary then, at close of the account, and after being deprived of that sly humility which is the least noble form of pride, to accept with resolution every new normal slavery which bears within itself lyric life, because it offers us with it the liberation of our enthusiasm and the means of organizing and disciplining our gifts. When order is organic, and not imposed, internal and not external, living and not arrested in formulas the supreme moment appears. Beyond the social discipline obeyed in the forward leap of the soul, there is no liberty for man as there is no liberty for the artist outside of the intellectual discipline conquered by the same leap forward.

Of course, this may be a faithful bit of "re-languaging," but in that case the French original must contain certain profound germs of obscurity. "Intellectual disciplines conquered by a forward leap," "forward leaping souls," are beyond my range of vision. I do not say that they do not exist. It just happens that I am not able to comprehend them and the more I read them and reread them, the more they begin to sound like the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the la-de-dee-de-dee," fine stuff to get a million men marching—but what do they really mean?

Once more the finger descends:

> There is necessary then, at close of the account and being deprived of that sly humility, etc., etc.

To me this is just an ugly and grating sound. It may be because I did not learn English until I was twenty and because my ear is not sufficiently attuned to the hidden beauties of such prose. But try and sing this (and the musical test is still the most reliable of all) and see what happens to your breathing apparatus.

Or again, on page 33:

> A world which would define itself, however slowly, like the chronic illness which constituted its history, heavily like its miseries accumulated in so great a number, and for so long a time, powerfully like a system finally emerging from so much force, ardor, crime, misery, and faith mingled.

When I have reread this four or five times I can get vaguely at the meaning of Faure's words, but I can only do so by "re-languaging" the whole thing back into French and trying to forget the English translation which hangs like a curtain of fog between the original text and the American reader.

* * *

Now in such matters I have a sincere distrust of my own opinion. English is still a "foreign" language to me. After painful efforts I have learned to handle it much as an elephant who has been taught to play the trombone. Wherefore I have gone to my native neighbors, and in this happy community where the percentage of literacy is remarkably high I have asked, "Please explain this to me. Any page will do." As a result I slightly enriched my well-stocked vocabulary of short and picturesque expletives, but learned little about the dance over fire and water.

But now after a profound cogitation of at least three weeks, I think that I have reached a reasonable conclusion.

It used to be said of Isadora Duncan that she knew her art so well that she could "dance" the bill-of-fare of a Childs's restaurant or the time-table of the Bridgeport-Norwalk trolley line.

There are Frenchmen who perform the same miracles in the field of literature. They turn on the torrents of their sprightly eloquence and presto! the audience is enchanted. When the spectators return home and grandma asks "What did he say?" the answer is apt to be a vague pæan of praise. "Ah, it was just too lovely for words! What did he say? I don't know and I don't care. It was just lovely! What else matters?"

M. Faure is a famous man in the field of French literature. I suspect that it were better for his reputation as a philosopher and a historian if he were to remain completely untranslated. Or if translated he must be, then let the job be entrusted to one of those journalistic sob-sisters who can turn an ordinary ghetto row into a story that will bring tears to the eyes of Calvin Coolidge.

An Inaccessible Region

IN THE HEART OF ASIA. By P. T. Etherton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1920. $5.

Reviewed by Kermit Roosevelt

THROUGHOUT the vast regions of Central Asia as comprised by Chinese Turkestan and the countries immediately bordering it, British interests are protected by but one Englishman who has his headquarters in Kashgar. He is known as the British Consul General, and usually is appointed from the Indian Civil Service. He is theoretically under the British Minister in Peking, but mail takes from four to six months to reach the Chinese capital by the overland route, and although there is a native telegraph line, the relays are so numerous and imperfectly administered, that it rarely takes less than three weeks for a telegram to reach Peking from Kashgar.

The most rapid method of communication between Kashgar and the outside world is across the Himalayan passes to Gilgit to Kashmir. Relays of mail runners bring the mail through once a week; it takes a month for a letter to reach Kashgar from Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir, which is itself two hundred miles from railroad.

It can be easily seen that with such lengthy lines of communication, the British Consul at Kashgar must be a man of resource who can act upon his own initiative without feeling that he must wait upon instructions from headquarters before making a move. In all the more important settlements there are to be found Indian traders, usually money-lenders from Shikarpur in Northern India. Under the terms of the extra-territoriality treaties these Indians are judged not in Chinese courts, but by the British Consul. In some cases the Afghan has the same privilege, though his status is not definite.

It was not until the early nineties that Great Britain established a consulate in Kashgar. The Russians were already there, and were most active in widening their sphere of influence in Central Asia. The Russian Consul had a strong Cossack bodyguard, which greatly increased his prestige and power. England was keenly interested in the possibility of Russia menacing her sway in India, and it was to combat such a contingency that the consulate was opened.

Sir George Macartney, whom Colonel Etherton succeeded, had held the post for many years, and left behind a record of achievement acquired in the face of heavy odds. Sir George's mother was Chinese, and this contributed to his success. His friend, Sir Aurel Stein, the great explorer and archæologist, has, I believe, persuaded Macartney to write his memoirs. The appearance of the book will be eagerly looked forward to by all interested in Central Asia.

Colonel Etherton's present volume deals with his term as Consul from 1918 to 1922. During these years the menace of Bolshevik influence in Chinese Turkestan was peculiarly acute. Another and more active aspect of the mission is dealt with by Major Blacker in his book "High Patrol in Central Asia," which is filled with thrilling chases across unknown mountain passes. "In the Heart of Asia" deals more with general conditions, as the chapter headings show.

Chinese Turkestan is inhabited by many different races. The Chinese element is numerically insignificant. The governors of the districts, and the ambans or mayors of the larger towns are Chinese. There are also a certain number of celestials scattered about as shopkeepers. The army officers are sometimes Chinese and sometimes natives. The Chinaman feels himself an exile. But few of them speak Turki, whether this is due to laziness, or as matter of policy I could not discover; probably it is sometimes due to the one cause and sometimes to the other.

Among the other peoples are the Tungans, or Mohamedan Chinese, the Kirkhiz, the Kazaks, and the Kalmucks. These last three are nomad tribes, living on the produce of their herds. The Kirghiz and Kazaks are Mohamedans; the Kalmucks are Buddhists. Numerically more important than any of these are the Turkis—they are agriculturists and merchants and live in the plains country. They are an easy-going, unaggressive race, accustomed through the centuries to be ruled by outsiders.

Colonel Etherton was already acquainted with Central Asia and its problems, for in 1910 he journeyed from Kashmir to Siberia,—a most interesting expedition which he described in his book "Across the Roof of the World." On that trip he had many adventures in the pursuit of ibex and wild sheep, and in some of his bouts with the cold and the snow he came out a poor second; for he had his legs badly frozen, and his Gurnali servant nearly lost both hands.

C. P. Skriner, who succeeded Colonel Etherton, has written an account of his experiences as Consul General that is shortly to appear, so that those who are interested in that inaccessible part of the world have now many opportunities to learn about it from first-hand sources. Great Britain owes a heavy debt to those who have protected her interests, serving for long lonely years in the far flung outports of Central Asia. Endless patience, untiring tact, firm courage, and unswerving tenacity of purpose are only a few of the attributes that they are called upon to possess.

Rake's Progress

SPANISH BAYONET. By Stephen Vincent Benét. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by Thomas Beer

Author of "The Mauve Decade"

THIS romance should be reviewed, through some hardy medium, by the immortal parts of Lew Wallace, Stanley Weyman and William—or was it Charles?—Harrison Ainsworth, all successful practitioners of the historical novel in the nineteenth century. Or, as "Ben Hur" is deliberately taught to helpless boys at Andover and other schools, it might be profitably reviewed by some surviving believer in the old style costume piece, by the eminent critic, for instance, who lately stunned some of us by referring to "Richard Carvel" as a "great" American novel. "Ben Hur" was always rubbish. "Richard Carvel," in distinction, contains some very agreeable writing and a deal of honorable historiography. But that Lew Wallace's pantomime and Mr. Churchill's pleasant tale should be ranked as blocks in even such a wobbling structure as American literature is a little dazing to discover in the year 1926.

Does anybody read "Richard Carvel"? It is the story of an Herculean and moral youth, heir of an aristocrat in old Annapolis and acquainted with Mr. Washington (George) of Virginia, who is shanghaied by his wicked uncle, rescued at sea by John Paul Jones, and who arrives in London to court his sweetheart, "the toast of the town." In London he met Charles Fox, Horace Walpole, David Garrick, Edmund Burke, and the rest of those people as inevitably as Weyman's cloaked thugs met Henri Quatre, Sully, the Guise family, and the other apparatus of the late sixteenth century, or as young Ben Hur met the archangelic son of a carpenter in Nazareth. Well, Mr. Carvel fought a duel in Vauxhall Gardens and was present at our Revolutionary seafight and then came back to Annapolis with his Dorothy,

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and that was that. It remains an entirely readable story and by far the most plausible of its school except, perhaps, Weir Mitchell's "Hugh Wynn." Twenty-six years later comes Mr. Benét's "Spanish Bayonet," a romance of the same period.

The tonal difference is considerable. Mr. Benét's chief figure is a dreamy young loon named Andrew Beard, son of a self-made man in New York, who is sent to Florida for purely commercial reasons. He is shy, something of a snob and plainly his maker sets no more value on chastity for Andrew than the young gentleman of Fielding's and Smollett's novels set on that same dubious commodity for themselves. Having landed at St. Augustine he falls into the smooth hands of Dr. Gentian, master of the colony at New Sparta in which Minorcans, Greeks, and Italians sweat over indigo and sugar making. Andrew is wholly taken in by the lacquered charms of Gentian and then drops into the dazzling net spread for him by Sparta Gentian, the doctor's daughter, who can sing "Beauty Retire," and can play upon the pianoforte with consummate execution. Just here Mr. Benét gives the ghost of Richard Carvel a vicious kick in the jaw and mounts his horse for a rake's progress. The historical novel becomes suddenly the novel of the past. No John Jaul Jones, no George Washington, no minute men facing the scarlet coats at Lexington? No, these things ripple into young Andrew's mind occasionally, but the interest lies elsewhere. All that historical machinery is playing up north. You remain to be entertained, in the steam of a plantation below St. Augustine, by Andrew's dealings with Dr. Gentian, whose lacquers cover sadism touched with megalomania, a little lechery, and an interest in the civilized juju of the eighteenth century. Miss Gentian is a wily bitch whose heart, as one says, is already given to her father's loutish overseer but who is willing to clamp young Andrew to herself, for the family's benefit, by waving a white flower into his bedroom at an indiscreet hour and leaving him to follow the inference. Gentian and his daughter are struggling privately against each other for control of the colony. The moneyed Andrew is the gull of the proceedings and the stolid, imported Minorcans are with him victims of Gentian's swindling skill. The delusions crash, one night. It is an admirable, disillusioned tale of youth, told with consistent force and with long passages of extraordinary grace. But I don't expect to hear that the authorities of Andover have substituted it for "Ben Hur." The mere language of pages 208 and 209 forbids any such notion, and a general air of profane carnality hangs heavy on the Gentian household. No, it won't replace the historical novel of the '90s in academic use.

Mr. Benét makes occasional small errors. "Spanish Bayonet" is certainly his most original and forceful work in prose but, having allowed Andrew to see his Sparta in the embraces of her overseer, Andrew's maker comments thus: "That his pain might well have seemed unnecessarily acute to any dispassionate observer would hardly have consoled him, had he known it. . . . The cold brain of heaven, whose thought is a falling star between illusion and illusion, might properly regard his adolescent strugglings with befitting contempt but that task of scorn may, perhaps, be left to it." I admit to a vehement dislike of that invoked dispassionate observer. His shape has not elsewhere defaced the story and needn't have done so just then. He has always been a bore, even when Henry James invoked him, between 1887 and 1900. The paragraph has the effect of a sudden withdrawal from the natural narrative mood and so, too, have some casual sentences in which the warm imagery of the boy's mind as he gapes at his mistress becomes deliberately literary. Mr. Benét, drops, now and then, into the highly cultivated man of letters and the stricken Andrew drops with his father. But, fortunately for the high points of the tale, its author has generally had no trouble with his profound literary education.

"Spanish Bayonet," then, represents an episode of conditioned importance. The novel of the American past begins, here, to escape from the ordinary settings as, with Mr. Hergesheimer, it escaped from the ordinary inflections of the elder historical novel. How far can the thing go on? Are we to have nonpatriotic and unflattering tales of early Alabama, early Missouri, and perhaps, at last, of Puritan New England? Mr. Benét's resolute and impenitent appearance in this field rouses a hope that he may look for more material and so do as well again.

Hill Life

HILL-BILLY. By Rose Wilder Lane. New York: Harper & Bros. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by T. S. Stribling

Author of "Teeftallow"

SOUTHERN pore whites are gaining their place in the sun nowadays among American fiction writers and play makers. "Sun-Up" and "Ruint" have recently entertained the New York theatre goers, a number of novels have been written, but among them all nothing more veracious and soaked with truth has been done than Rose Wilder Lane's "Hill-Billy."

It is a novel of the Ozarks, but the dialect, which Miss Lane often converts into pure poetry, the folk ways, the hill philosophy and religiosity, apply equally well to any hill community in the South.

To pick a very tiny flaw in the texture of the book, the hill folk do have a habit of eliding the articles in their talk. For instance, take this example from a random page of "Hill-Billy:" "Jolly's nary snake in the grass, he would never use poison on enemy of his." These elided articles are very effective in the dialect, but very often the author adopts it in her own descriptions and comments, and the result is her English moves forward like a four-cylinder car, fast enough but with some jarring.

But that's trivial. Her book itself is a miracle of verisimilitude. It is packed full of incident, murders, seduction, fights, dances, chicanery, and yet through it all, it preserves the somnolent, half-awake atmosphere of the hills. The characters drawl, although Miss Lane never once uses that overworked word, still the very sentence structure drags with the mental slowness of her *dramatis personae*. They drawl, they stretch, they yawn, they look slowly at each other, but with immense shrewdness. The murders in "Hill-Billy," of which there are three or four, are served to the reader sometimes in the form of mysteries, sometimes as conundrums as to how it is possible for the hero, Abimelech Baird, a village lawyer, to save his client from the gallows. But Abimelech always does.

There is a virtuosity about Abimelech's legal procedure cries out to the reader that the gist of this narrative is fact, not fiction.

No American novelist could sit in his study and invent the peculiar knotty problems that come before Abimelech and the equally peculiar methods he uses in their solution. But the most ordinary scribbler could find similar examples in any rural court. Whether that ordinary scribbler could dip his findings in poetry and serve it up in cantos as Miss Lane did is something else again.

Running through the whole book is the split between the village and the hills; the hatred mixed with admiration of the rustic for the townsman, and the contempt of the townsman for the rustic. In this ancient quarrel Miss Lane clearly espouses the cause of her hill billies although her faithful delineation of the lives of both rather betrays her special pleader.

Abimelech Baird, her hero, was an uncommonly solid virtuous youth; he is only twenty-one when the book finishes with him; his attitude toward his first sweetheart, Bessie, is as emotional as an oak. She can hang on to one of his arms or not, just as it suits her, he doesn't mind. In the course of their courtship he finds that she has been seduced and is to become a mother. He doesn't turn a hair. He is going right ahead and marry her anyway because he feels that is the honorable thing to do. Then, right in the shadow, one might say, of the marriage scaffold, Bessie suddenly deserts Abimelech, and elopes with and marries her seducer, Little Georgie, the man she has always loved. This goes to Bessie's account as the sheerest unfaithfulness, but if one steps outside the author's condemnation and looks the matter over, is it?

It is a parlous thing to draw real life, and then have the hardihood to deduce a moral from it.

The actual story ends on page 279, and then in an afterword printed in italics, the author tells how prosperous Abimelech became in after years; how he owned most of the property in Millersville, how energetic his children were, and how weak and feeble were the children of Bessie and Little Georgie, and how Abimelech was such a power for good in the community that he went to the legislature—such a good man.

No reader can doubt any of these virtues, nor fail to have a pretty fair idea what Abimelech did when he reached the legislature, but one question constantly obtrudes itself on this idyllic setting, did Abimelech, as a professional suborner, trickster, and perjurer, go to the legislature to concoct laws more amenable to trickery and chicanery, or did he go there to make tougher and more intractable statutes in order to keep down competition?

"Hill-Billy" is an almost perfect exposition of hill life and hill morality.

An Elizabethan Romance

THE FOURTH QUEEN. By Isabel Paterson. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1926.

Reviewed by Edward Davison

BY the Fourth Queen we are to comprehend Venus in her ancient literary capacity as the *deus ex machina* of historical romance. *Omnia vincit amor!* Mrs. Paterson's courageous book follows the most familiar lines of Scott, Dumas, Harrison Ainsworth, and Stanley Weyman. In all save the actual setting it is commonplace. Its variations from type, however, are definitely the result of an honest and not unsuccessful attempt to make the plot subsidiary to the characters of the chief people. Mrs. Paterson takes the traditional eccentricities of Queen Elizabeth during several years before the Essex conspiracy and traces their moulding influence on the affairs of "Fighting Jack" (his full name is given as John Philip Sidney Montagu) and his sweetheart, one of the queen's maids- of-honor.

The book plunges straight away into a rather confused account of the fight with the Spanish armada. Our hero covers himself with familiar glory and returns to take up a position in the Queen's guard at Whitehall palace and to pursue his ultra-romantic love affairs in the face of the Queen's displeasure. In the end, after a period of exile and privateering on the Spanish main, he returns to England, home, and beauty. The tale is marred by the indulgence of one of those impossible coincidences so peculiarly the property of the historical romance and by an excessively sentimental concluding chapter wherein the baby son of Jack and his lady is taught to plead for the Queen's pardon.

For all that Mrs. Paterson has written a stirring tale of love and blood and thunder. It is not easy to forgive the mixed and frothy brew of her prose style. Historical romance naturally requires some kind of realistic dialogue and Mrs. Paterson does not fail her reader in this respect. Indeed she lays it on with a trowel. It is fair to say that she makes her characters think like Elizabethans even when they are talking like parodies of themselves. Even Marlowe's language in his plays is not more atmospherically Elizabethan than hers. But let the dialogue pass for what it is, the work of an author intoxicated with enthusiasm and saturated in the glossaries of the epoch. It is different with the narrative portions of the book. Here the pseudo-Elizabethan prose of the dialogue is allowed to leak through the quotation marks with frequently ridiculous effects. And even apart from this the book is marred with such monstrous sentences as "Now was he oriented, having seen again the lodestar of his constant heart." A little while later the author is referring to the "Fabian tactics" of Lord Burghley. It is enough to hint lightly at the curious quality of the prose mixture. One need not object to a few anachronisms but Mrs. Paterson should know that it is not possible to see "the twilit glimmer of Avon" from the windows of Windsor Castle. The Thames has not yet been exchanged with Stratford.

However those whose literary sensitiveness is not wounded by the defects already mentioned will discover a long evening's entertainment in this racy book, especially in the gratuitous episodic chapter wherein the defenseless hero and his newly married wife are set upon in their marriage bed by their jealous brother and his band of bailiffs. And there is another obscure and would-be ghastly episode in the hall adjoining the bedchamber of the Virgin Queen which may mean nothing or anything according to the reader's opinion as to how far Queen Bess merited her title of Good. But for one thing the author deserves really high praise, that is her extraordinarily vivid and penetrating characterization of Essex and the Queen. She owes more to Strickland than to the truer histories. But she has reanimated part of their dust and that is no small feat.

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In the Vernacular

THE LOVE NEST AND OTHER STORIES. By Ring W. Lardner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1926. $1.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

"HE was forever blowing bubbles. It amounted to a whim." Thus Miss Sarah E. Spooldripper, of the late Mr. Lardner, in her introduction to his last book of short stories. I am sorry Mr. Lardner is dead because he was a good guy when he had it.

To try and be serious, even in the face of the introduction to "The Love Nest," I know you'll laugh, but the fact is that Mr. Lardner is still alive. I read something by him in last Sunday's *World*. Of course,—but there are other proofs.

* * *

Let us discuss the stories. The title story and and the story called "Haircut" are perfect and terrible. I didn't say perfectly terrible. They are two of the most satisfactory short stories I have read for a long time. They bite like acid. And they display Mr. Lardner's marvelous command of vernacular. So does "Zone of Quiet." Things like this:

(The Great Man speaking): She certainly was! And she is yet! I mean she's even prettier, but of course she ain't a kid, though she looks it. I mean she was only seventeen in that picture and that was ten years ago. I mean she's twenty-seven years old now. But I never met a girl with as much zip as she had in those days. It's remarkable how marriage changes them. I mean nobody would ever thought Celia Sayles would turn out to be a sit-by-the-fire. I mean she still likes a good time, but her home and kiddies come first. I mean her home and kiddies come first.

(The Barber speaking): Well, they asked him if he was in earnest and he said he was and nobody could think of nothin' to say till Jim finally broke the ice himself. He says, "I been sellin' canned goods and now I'm canned goods myself."

You see, the concern he'd been workin' for was a factory that made canned goods. Over in Carterville. And now Jim said he was canned himself. He was certainly a card!

(Miss Lyons speaking): I haven't read it yet. I've been busy making this thing for my sister's birthday. She'll be twenty-nine. It's a bridge table cover. When you get that old, about all there is left is bridge or cross-word puzzles. Are you a puzzle fan? I did them religiously for a while, but I got sick of them. They put in such crazy words. Like one day they had a word with only three letters and it said "A e-longated fish" and the first letter had to be an *e*. And only three letters. That couldn't be right! So I said if they put things wrong like that, what's the use? Life's too short. And we only live once. When you're dead, you stay a long time dead.

That's what a B. F. of mine used to say. He was a caution! But he was crazy about me. I might of married him only for a G. F. telling him lies about me. And called herself my friend! Charley Pierce.

* * *

Such are the bubbles blown by Mr. Lardner. It may look easy. The amazing locutions ripple along so naturally. You can hear voices. Some writers have what has been called the "photographic mind." People, and scenes leave an indelible visual memory,—all the small details that others never see. They can reproduce everything in precise description, at will. Mr. Lardner has, on the other hand, a remarkable ear for ordinary speech. No *nuance* escapes him. His aural memory is perfect. He could never possibly tag a character with the wrong "line."

It is, of course, all in the American language; there is no other form of English like it. But it is not a literary "stunt." Mr. Lardner is not doing dialect. Nor is he concocting fiction. He is remembering voices, playing by ear. The stories one can overhear, if one knows how to listen!

In the true humorist is always implicit the tragic ironist. Mr. Lardner is labelled and put away in all the editors' pigeonholes as "Humorist." He is "as funny as a crutch." The discerning know that this may often be taken literally. A crutch *is* funny, in a way,—of course, anyone falling down and breaking their leg (or their heart) is awfully funny. Awfully funny is substantially correct. Mr. Lardner knows that. He is acquainted with the Parcae and the Eumenides, and with a lot of other people from those small Middle-Western towns. Beside Conrad Greens and ball-players and song-writers and trained nurses and city folk.

But then he's an awful kidder. The nine stories in this book aren't going to turn your hair white. You'll have many a merry laugh. Don't let me put you off. The irony may have entered his soul, but he is also just too nonsensical. He's really terribly comic.

War as It Is

TOWARD THE FLAME. By HERVEY ALLEN. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1926.

Reviewed by THOMAS BOYD
Author of "Through the Wheat"

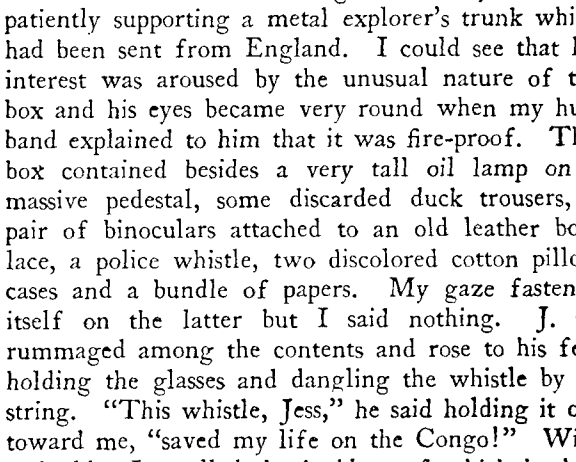
AN account of The World War that would satisfy every soldier who took part in it, will probably never be written. More than one officer is asked whether his men ever felt any nervous tremors in making an attack would say sternly and rebukingly, "My soldiers were never afraid!" Another eyewitness would have you believe that the wit and humor of the average doughboy was always on tap, that he could say something laughable and spiriting even if he stood knee-deep in blood and corpses. Opposed to this optimist is the former soldier who saw nothing but bickering, hate, and iron-heeled militarism from the moment he put on a uniform until he finally removed it for once and, to be hoped, for all.

It is notable that Hervey Allen had experiences worth the telling. There is one place in his book, near the end, where he describes in flashingly vivid prose one of the most sensational adventures in war that could ever have happened to anybody. The kind of scene which burns itself in the memory, that holds the essence of the stupidity, chicanery, and futility of war, it is made finer still by the challenge to mortality which is in it. This all takes place on the banks of the Vesle between Fismes and Fismettes. Hervey Allen, a lieutenant in the Twenty-Eighth National Guard Division, is ordered with his platoon to make an attack from Fismes. The story of this, which has its explanation in the Memoirs of General Bullard, makes one of the ghastliest chapters of the war.

"Toward the Flame" is written in admirable and simple prose throughout, though the tempo and quality of the second part of the narrative are very different from what they are in the first part. This is easily accounted for in that Mr. Allen wrote the first part five months after he had been sent to the hospital from the attack at Fismettes in which his company assaulted a German division, and that the second part was written several years afterward. While the beginning of the narrative is smooth and agreeable enough, it shows that the author was still a little under the influence of wartime mental taboos, and that he had not fully realized what had happened. The second half is more mature, deliberate, and impassioned. The whole constitutes an important record of a type of American which is scarcer than it should be.

Conrad's Skill as an Artist

THIS little sketch was made by Joseph Conrad and was his own conception of his character, old Peyrol. Few of his friends were aware of his habit, or even ability to portray with a few strokes of his pen or pencil, the image of some being conceived in his own mind. I think it must have been because of this that he objected so intensely to his work being illustrated. I mean with very, very few exceptions. I came upon him one day towards the end of his work on the "Rover" sitting quietly back in his favorite big-armchair, and with a tender smile on his face, a smile I had grown accustomed to know portended some thought or inspiration he had captured to his entire satisfaction. Sometimes that capture would be too fleeting for him to give expression to in words and I would not venture to obtrude my interest, by a word or even a look. This time he looked up quickly and then pushed towards me an old envelope, in the corner of which appeared a small sketch in ink, not yet dry. Only a face, the face of an old "shellback" as he would fondly have called it, weather beaten and rugged. I took it in my hands and said quickly, "Old Peyrol." My husband was delighted. "Yes! Jess, but I hope they will not want illustrations. I wonder what they would make of it if they do? Some dam' smooth faced landlubber I suppose!"



Another sketch, made over thirty years ago and discovered by me in the first few weeks of our married life. How well I recall that blustery evening on Ile Grande in the little peasant's house where we began our lives together. That afternoon when we returned from one of our little cruises round the island, somewhat earlier than was our wont, we found standing patiently before the front door, M. Bacadoua, a friendly neighbour—this man owned the greater part of theh big stone quarries round the island and was considered by the other inhabitants as well to do. From pure friendliness he would always insist on carrying our baggage to and from the little landing stage when we made one of our frequent little jaunts to the mainland. He would never accept a gratituty but always solemnly shook hands with us. This evening he stood by our door patiently supporting a metal explorer's trunk which had been sent from England. I could see that his interest was aroused by the unusual nature of the box and his eyes became very round when my husband explained to him that it was fire-proof. This box contained besides a very tall oil lamp on a massive pedestal, some discarded duck trousers, a pair of binoculars attached to an old leather boot lace, a police whistle, two discolored cotton pillow cases and a bundle of papers. My gaze fastened itself on the latter but I said nothing. J. C. rummaged among the contents and rose to his feet holding the glasses and dangling the whistle by its string. "This whistle, Jess," he said holding it out toward me, "saved my life on the Congo!" With a shudder I recalled the incident of which he had spoken more than once.

He had sent his boys ashore to cut wood one evening after he had tied up to the bank. After a time he heard shots and sounds of quarreling. Seizing his rifle—and his whistle, which he hung round his neck, he started to look for them. Almost before he had gone ten yards from the bank his feet sank into a deep bog, he fired all his cartridges without attracting any attention from the two men left on board the steamer, and sank steadily deeper and deeper. He was already as deep as his armpits, when he bethought himself of the whistle. At the third shrill note he saw two men running towards him with boughs and he swooned. His next recollection was finding himself strapped to a chair on the bridge and the steamer already underway. This was undoubtedly the main cause of his terrible illness, and his subsequent malaria.

The bundle of papers lay for two days on the top of the miscellaneous collection in the half-open trunk. I had suggested more than once that I should finish unpacking it—and also that he should examine the pile of papers. The next thing I knew was the thud of the heavy roll falling close to the fire-place and I guessed rather than understood his direction to the maid to light the fire with "that perass" a favorite word of his. That evening when he was deep in a book I slipped from the room and rescued the roll. This I carried to the big loft over the top of the house to await my next free moments. In this loft I spent many hours watching the waves washing high all round the coast line. It was here I retired when the need of some outlet for my spirits grew too strong to be resisted. I was one of a family of nine, not very old when I was married and at times desperately in need of my kind. I used to feel sometimes the strain of being circumspect and dignified—as became the wife of Joseph Conrad. Several days passed before I was able to carry out

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my plan of examining those papers. J. C. had declared them to be only discarded pages of the MS of Almayer's Folly" so I had no scruples as to the papers being of a private nature. There was in that room, which was horribly draughty being open to the rafters of the roof, a full sized bed with a big box spring on it, covered with canvas. Here armed with a packet of pins I spent several hours wading through the mass of paper. I used to pin the pages firmly to the covering of the mattress spring and in that way I pieced together the whole of the MS of "Almayer's Folly" and the "Outcast of the Islands" and the few pages of "The Sisters." Then almost at the finish, among some crumpled scraps I found the little sketch in red and black ink "Nina" and scribbled in the corner of the

other half sheet of paper "for 'Almayer's Folly.'" I did not confess for a long time that I had still the papers in my possession, or that I had put them all in order. When I did tell him he laughed rather vexedly and said sharply, "If it hadn't been for that tourist coming in when he did I would have burnt them there and then, dam' rubbish!"

The little sketch of "Dona Rita" which J. C. did many years later is the only one he did under my eye, so to speak: I remember in this case his asking me one afternoon after a long silence, "If you had to choose the illustration for this book, which would you choose?"

My prompt answer disconcerted him rather, and he showed his irritation in the most characteristic fashion by flinging away the cigarette he had lighted only the moment before. I had suggested the first meeting between Henry Allègre and Dona Rita, when he discovered her in his own garden sitting on a stone, a fragment of some old balustrade. My suggestion had evidently not pleased him, and I sat silent while he paced the room restlessly, then flinging himself into a chair he said quite quietly, "I am surprised, my dear, that you should make such a conventional suggestion, no, that won't do! Most emphatically it won't do. I will show you. . . ."

He left the room and returned in a few moments with a single sheet of note-paper in his hand. "There, that's my choice, the only illustration I would consent to have in the book!"

This sketch I append to this article. No doubt he was right. My suggestion was certainly much more conventional.

JESSIE CONRAD.

The Bowling Green

An Examination

I WAS reading the examination papers set by the State of New York for librarians. It struck me that there might well be examination papers for those anxious to enter the publishing and bookselling business. There is no trade that requires, of those who are really ambitious, a more curious and complex fund of information, sophistry, and rumor. If I were a publisher and had to choose among a number of applicants for my staff, I would weed them out by setting them a paper such as follows. I would, however, be discreet enough not to make it public, and to keep the answers to myself.

Some of these questions, I'm afraid, are jocular; yet they all tenderly lift a corner of the shroud that drapes actual publishing problems. There is no prize offered for answers.

AN EXAMINATION PAPER FOR PUBLISHERS AND BOOKSELLERS

1. What do you consider the most misleading jacket-blurb among novels published this spring?

2. What novelist has lately published a modernization of the plot of "Macbeth?"

3. If you were a publisher and one of your authors offered you a MS for which he had two alternative titles, "The Comedy of Errata" and "Six Who Pass While the Gentiles Boil," which title would you believe to be more salable?

4. If at a dinner party you were unexpectedly and simultaneously introduced to Elizabeth Bibesco and Ring Lardner, what would you say?

5. Give, if possible, some reasonable explanation for the fact that 785,000 copies of "In Tune With the Infinite" have been sold.

6. Write a brief essay on the effect of active contemporary criticism and editorship upon the life and thought of professors of literature. Illustrate with at least two examples.

7. If you were chairman of the "entertainment" committee of a Woman's Club, and had an opportunity (and funds) to arrange a lecture by any one of the following, which would you choose, and why? Christopher Ward, William McFee, Carl Sandburg, W. L. Phelps.

8. Write a letter, not more than 100 words, subtly adapting it to the frailties of the recipient, to any one of the following, asking for an autograph: Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, Theodore Dreiser, Charles G. Norris, Carl Van Vechten, Naomi G. Royde-Smith.

9. If you had simultaneous luncheon invitations from Horace Liveright, Blanche Knopf, Mitchell Kennerley, Eugene Saxton, Edward Bok, Alison Smith, and Arthur Brisbane, which would you believe the most amusing to accept? Choose only one.

10. Identify, briefly, Bonamy Dobree, Gabriel Wells, Marguerite Mooers Marshall, R. H. Mottram, Clem Hawley, Sarah Spooldripper, I. M. P., Jake Falstaff, Fred Melcher, The Magnificent Idler, Clara Tice, J. Storer Clouston, The Abbey of Theleme, The Portrait of Zélide, Rachel Marr, Herbert Swope.

11. If you were working in a bookstore and the following came in to ask you for something recent that they really ought to read, what would you advise as being stimulating (or corrective) to their personal idiosyncrasies: Will Hays, Michael Arlen, Bishop Manning, John Erskine, Calvin Coolidge, Countess Cathcart.

12. If you were a young author, and the publisher of your first novel told you that the jacket of your book could carry an enthusiastic salute from any two of the following, which two would you prefer to have—and why? Heywood Broun, William Allen White, William Lyon Phelps, Harry Hansen, Burton Rascoe, George Santayana, Logan Pearsall Smith, H. L. Mencken, Anita Loos.

13. Who was the Earl of Rochester and why has the Nonesuch Press edition of his works been refused admittance to this country by the U. S. Customs?

14. If Frank Harris returned to America would he be detained at Ellis Island, and would The New York *World* succeed in habeasing his corpus?

15. If a bookseller found in his basement clean copies of the first editions of the following, what prices would it be reasonable to put on them: "Moby Dick," "The Scarlet Letter," "Leaves of Grass," "The Amenities of Book Collecting," "The Four Million," "Figs from Thistles," "Jurgen," "Ventures Into Verse," "Wounds in the Rain."

16. Write jacket-copy for an imaginary novel by J. B. Cabell as it would be done by Doubleday, Page & Company, Alfred A. Knopf, Frederick A. Stokes Company, Boni & Liveright, E. P. Dutton & Company, and The Oxford University Press.

17. A customer shows you the following quotation written on a piece of paper: "Having no profession or means of subsistence he necessarily became an author."

Who wrote it? If you don't know, how would you try to find out? Which of the following do you think is most likely to have said it: Voltaire, Mark Twain, Dr. Johnson, Jay House, Elmer Davis, Oliver Goldsmith?

18. With what cities do you associate these booksellers: Marcella Burns Hahner, A. S. W. Rosenbach, Paul Elder, Rumana McManis, Richard F. Fuller, Meredith Janvier, Isaac Mendoza?

19. What American publishing house or houses do you consider the most likely to give durable assistance to finer literature in the United States in the next ten years, and why?

20. If a MS were offered to you, by a prominent writer, one-half of which was extraordinarily able and the other half a distinct and lamentable failure (a thing that often happens in the publishing business) would you insist on the author rewriting it, at the risk of losing him, or would you accept it as is? Comment briefly on a publisher's editorial responsibility toward his authors.

21. If an English author, here for the first time, were spending one week in New York, and you wanted to give him an idea of the esoteric humors of our publishing world, how would you plan his schedule?

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The Publisher's Function

(*Continued from page* 695)

ferring, as we have stated, to the editorial department of the publishing house. It should be composed of gentlemen—and ladies—exceedingly alert, of people possessing literary background and a genuine critical faculty. Editing in a publishing house is not—or should not be—a mere routine job, proceeding according to rule of thumb. The editorial department should be full of imagination and suggestion. Here should toil adepts at the structure of novels, the proportion of biographies, etc.,—students of book-making, not in the sense of mechanical manufacture, but in the sense of the power of the written word and the organic proportion of any particular work.

Our demands are not altogether Utopian, for here and there in the publishing business just such editors do exist, literary advisers who may even work as mere "readers," but who furnish valuable suggestions concerning books "worth saving" or books that display merely an easily eradicable flaw here and there. We have a great respect for many such an arbiter in the publishing profession. Some evince the greatest tact and skill in dealing even with the touchiest authors, and truly coöperate with them in the excision of the second-rate from an otherwise first-rate book. But, alas! there are other glaring examples of book-making (in the sense in which we are discussing it) that show only too plainly where coöperation was not forthcoming, where the proper editorial care and acumen were hoplessly in abeyance.

Regarding publishing for the moment merely as a business, the first consideration should be that the "product" be as perfect as it is possible to make it. All things, of course, are not possible. And, over and above that, in a business where the products are so diversified and where the mind must constantly be open to appreciate variants on old technique, literary experimentation, and so on, the task of passing truly helpful judgment in advance on any book is greatly complicated. Yet, that is the task before the publisher! We are convinced that if today the editorial departments of publishing houses functioned with an efficiency comparable to that of, say, the advertising and manufacturing departments, there would be fewer meretricious books, fewer botched books, a higher publishing standard in general.

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Books of Special Interest

Unaureate Dust

A HISTORY OF THE PHARAOHS. By ARTHUR WEIGALL. Vol. I, The First Eleven Dynasties. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925. $6.

Reviewed by ASHTON SANBORN
Boston Museum

SUCH an annalistic approach as this to the subject of Egyptian history is foredoomed to lead straight into a waste of aridity more barren than the Libyan desert, and although the friendly annalist himself constantly present in the first person singular accompanies the reader through the course of almost every page, striving to mitigate the dusty journey with a rain of casual anecdote and unremitting hypothesis, he fails to accomplish his professed object of "writing a consecutive story intelligible and readable to the layman who has no particular knowledge of Egyptology."

Readable certainly the book is not; but it is sometimes unintentionally amusing. Practice, insight, breadth of vision, and a natural aptitude for historical studies which, like a good digestion, can eliminate unessential facts and transform essential matter into a living unified body, are necessary prerequisites on the part of the writer who would accomplish with even approximate success the stupendous task of fairly describing a great civilization through the course of some four thousand years. When we consider that a century has only just elapsed since the younger Champollion announced to the French Academy his discovery of the clue to translating Egyptian hieroglyphic writing; that the excavation of ancient tombs and temples and town sites in the Nile valley has been undertaken in a proper scientific spirit only within the generation of living Egyptologists, and that archæological discoveries of prime importance are being made more rapidly than qualified scholars can classify the accumulated evidence of many sorts, correlate it with existing material, and determine its significance; and when still further we consider the facts relevant to Egyptian civilization which may be reevaled by archœological investigations now beginning in Western Asia and Mesopotamia, where the Egyptians played a rôle in the later scenes of their national career and whence they may in part at least have sprung in the dawn of their dim racial origin, we can understand quite well enough why the authentic final history of Egypt has not yet been written and why indeed it may not be written for many years to come. Meanwhile to help the future Gibbon in the Egyptian field of research—as yet a person mute, inglorious, and doubtless still unborn—what is most needed are accurate and detailed publications of every excavated site, and studies without limit on special topics based on the evidence now at hand. This sound work of preparing the tools for the future final accomplishment of the task goes steadily and quietly on in America, Belgium, England, France, and Germany.

In the present negligently written volume the kernels of truth are buried under the heaped-up chaff of possibilities and potential subjunctives. The author is not without courage—of the sort which angels lack—and having, to his repeatedly evident personal satisfaction, reconstructed the Annals on the missing parts of the famous Palermo Stone, he sets out with bold step on his tedious chronological journey. His haversack is lightly stored with gleanings of fact from various sources, and his head teems like a novelist's with the fancied forms of dead Pharaohs whom he describes "pretty well exactly" as he sees them in his mind's eye until, as he fondly thinks, "each king takes on some semblance of reality." He forefends himself against unsympathetic criticism of this attempt to reclothe dry bones with a likeness of living flesh by repeatedly asserting, "this, of course, is only a guess," or "here, however, I am only guessing," or "an explanation of this kind, of course, is merely inspired by a desire to give purpose and reality to the misty facts which Time has left us, and must not be taken very seriously." Rarely discretion curbs his blithely expansive theorizing as when, having suggested that Neith-hotep, wife of King Menes, was a princess of the Set-tribes and that these tribes played an important part in the history of early dynastic times, he says, "but as my theory will be new to Egyptologists, and as it is not supported by any definite facts, I will not enlarge upon it." "It does not seem, in fact, that there was anything much" here "for the historian to pounce upon," but it may be, as the author states in another connection, "a supposition which fits in with this assumption."

As for the illustrations in the book, especially those of portrait sculpture, although the examples are chosen from among the finest pieces surviving from the Pyramid Age, they entirely fail to give a just impression of the high development attained by the Egyptians of this great creative period in this particular phase of artistic expression.

More Memories

MORE CHANGES MORE CHANCES. By HENRY W. NEVINSON. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1925. $5.

Reviewed by T. J. C. MARTYN

TO Mr. Nevinson the world is "still new every morning, and more beautiful with every night." Year by year, he tells us, he has "heard only more clearly the still, sad music of humanity." This is the key to which the inspiring harmony of this book is set. It is the perfect blending of hope and despair; the philosophy of a man who loves the world and is loath to leave it, whose wisdom has been put to high and enobling purposes, and whose experiences have taught him the equal value of sadness and happiness.

"More Changes More Chances," like its predecessor, "Changes and Chances," is indisputable evidence of the lofty heights to which journalism can be made to aspire by scholarship. Whether it is in Angola, Russia, India, Macedonia, Albania, Turkey, Finland, or London, the author invariably combines knowledge of the ancient, modern, and contemporary world with great beauty of expression, which gives both point and finish to his observations.

Not the least interesting thing about him is the fact that he has been almost continuously a "free-lance" writer and war correspondent. Besides this he has been, one feels, essentially a man with a mission, the purpose of which has not been to proselyte but to apply a common-sense standard in a search for truth and to present that truth without fear or favor. And in this is the sun and the moon of his character: sincerity, courage, self-effacement and above all a scrupulous regard for principles of moral and intellectual honesty, a belief in Liberalism that is not circumvented by hidebound political dogmas, and not least of these a trace of the Oxford manner.

In the present volume a personal account of history is given between the close of the South African War and the Great War. The word history is used advisedly because the events which the author describes, while limited to a strictly and simple personal chronicle, form a narrative involving affairs of general importance. Like most of his contemporary colleagues Mr. Nevinson has known a great many persons of prominence and it is perhaps through them that many of his adventures command an interest that their intrinsic merits do not warrant. Thus, the political situation in England in 1904 and George Meredith's comments upon it pale before the author's description of that remarkable literary personality.

But generally speaking it is otherwise. His visit to Angola is an account of a modern crusader against slavery, leavened by some remarkable descriptive passages of the country and a lively sense of humor that never seems to desert him. Of far greater interest is the magnificent account of his visit to and exploits in Russia. It is doubtful indeed if anybody has ever before presented within the compass of a few pages such a graphic, fair, yet terrible picture of Russia under the czar in 1905-6. Of other events, such as a journey through Macedonia, a visit to India, to Albania, and to many other places, it is possible to speak in the same vein. His activities in the ultimately successful movement for "votes for women" secures for him a high place in the honor roll of the untitled knights of chivalry, although it must be confessed that he acted in opposition to his usually peaceful and moderate inclinations. And at the end of the book is a singularly powerful account of August the 4th, 5th, and 6th (1914) in Berlin and his opportune delivery at the hands of the British Ambassador, Sir Edward Goschen, from the bondage of incarceration in Germany for the "duration of the war."

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Books of Special Interest

Indian Songs

DAWN BOY: Blackfoot and Navaho Songs. By EDA LOU WALTON. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by MARY AUSTIN

IN an introductory note to Miss Walton's collection of Amerindian songs, Witter Bynner says that she "has brought into more congenial English than any other interpreter has found, the simplicities, the serenities, the grave and happy mysticism of Indian songs." But this is truer as a characterization of Indian song in general than it is of the particular interpretations of Miss Walton. It is in fact true only in so far as it describes her handling of the *words* of Indian song. Words, in the evolution of art expression, are perhaps the last medium to be mastered by primitive man. Rhythm, mass, line, color, all that comes under the head of what is modernly known as "significant form;" these come first with him. Music even, which we are accustomed to regard as a most sophisticated medium, advances more rapidly with him than what we are disposed to call "literary" expression. So that, in any Indian song the melody is more likely to be worked out to the point where it can sustain an independent existence, than is the word form, the poem. There is, in fact, for the primitive, no word equivalent to poem, nothing that indicates the complete and independent expression of an emotionalized idea in words apart from the rhythmically patterned voice and body movement that accompanies it. Every so-called poem of the American Indian is a three-plied cord of rhythm, furished by the dance or the drum, pattern furnished by the melody (so also emotional key) and idea, embodied in the words, which always *follow* the melody and never lead. Any interpreter must then struggle to get into his translation the essential elements supplied by each of the three elements. Whatever else he lacks for complete interpretation, must be sought for in the circumstances, the ritual, and decorations of the song as a whole.

This makes difficult going for the most experienced translators. Almost all of them in the beginning tend to overstress the word element and neglect not only the emotional element, but the lyric quality, and especially the pattern. By rather deliberately neglecting the repetitions, treating them as derived wholly from ritual rather than as they undoubtedly are, very largely from the pattern making impulse, one feels that Miss Walton's results are somewhat poorer than they should be in what the Indian, if he had such a word, or such an idea in his head, would call the racial expressiveness of many of her translations. This is particularly true of the Navajo songs, in which normally, incremental repetition is the matrix of stanza form. In the Blackfoot songs, which are more personal than the Navajo and therefore less influenced by the pattern making impulse, this element is not so much missed. The effect is of the translator having used the Blackfoot songs as a model on which the Navajo have been more or less reconstituted. But one would hardly do that with European verse for instance, making over Dutch songs on an Italian model. What one suspects as the basis of Mr. Bynner is as well acquainted as anyone with the characteristic movements of Navajo song—is an unconscious predilection for the Oriental element in all Amerindian art. There is no question that in making poetry the *mind* of the Amerind moves in a fashion not dissimilar from the early Chinese. And in respect to its rendering of the intellectual movement of Amerindian verse, one cannot say too much in praise of Miss Walton's work. She knows very well what was in the aboriginal's mind, when he made a song, even if she does not always get what was in his solar plexus, and her choice of means to express what she gets is quick and explicit.

One of the most interesting of her experiments, and all such work is still largely experimental, is an attempt to render Blackfoot legends in the same manner as the songs, in a kind of free verse, having an underlying rhythm similar to that of the songs. No doubt this is a legitimate method. Primitive myths of a sacred character do originate in the neighborhood of the poetic impulse, even when they do not actually spring from that impulse. As originally recited in the tribe, they have a definite rhythm of their own, which varies with the reciter, but is always related to the theme. It is this original rhythmic mode that renders all our translation of Indian folk-tales in imitation of European fairy tales unsatisfactory to people who really known Indians. In undertaking to restore the Blackfoot myths to characteristic aboriginal rhythms—whether or not she has used specific Blackfoot rhythms Miss Walton does not say—the author of "Dawn Boy" has begun a work which should give new significance to our handling of the great wealth of native folk tales. Here, again, as in the Navajo songs, one feels that Miss Walton errs, if at all, on the side of too much repression. It is to be hoped that she will find a greater freedom with renewed attempts. As it is, "Dawn Boy" is particularly recommended to schools and to all people looking for competently handled Indian material for children. For this purpose, it is the best thing that has yet appeared. I know of nothing happier that could happen to American children than to learn to say and to feel this invocation:

Come on the trail of song
Leaving no footprints there,
Over the rainbow bridge
Down the mountain stair.

Come on the trail of song,
Gods of the Navajo,
Out of the sky-land
And the five worlds below.

A Dual Sketch

DISRAELI AND GLADSTONE; A Duo-biographical Sketch. By D. C. SOMERVELL. New York: George H. Doran. 1926. $3.50.

Reviewed by W. C. ABBOTT
Harvard University

SOONER or later some one was certain to make a book out of that extraordinary rivalry which has attracted the attention of every political writer for half a century—and Mr. Somervell has done it. He has taken Morley's "Gladstone" and Monypenny and Buckle's "Disraeli," with a few other materials and condiments, mixed them in judicious proportion, boiled them down, seasoned them with his own remarks, and from this produced what he calls a "duo-biography." It is, as he observes with candor, a "work of reflection and not of research, though indeed even "reflection" is not quite the word. It is a summary of the work of other men, a good summary, a useful one, but to one conversant with the literature of the period it adds little or nothing to his own knowledge or even his "reflections."

None the less it is an entertaining and a useful book. To many who have neither the time nor the intellectual strength to read the nine volumes of biography from which it has been so largely compiled it will serve as an adequate account of the period and its two great antagonists. Between them he holds the balance with as nice a hand as it is possible to conceive. It is not easy to determine whether he is Whig or Tory, Conservative or Liberal. His book, so far as one may judge, cannot offend the supporters of either. It is a model of propriety. With all of its character sketching it tends neither to black nor white. It is, if one may be permitted the figure, a wash-drawing, guaranteed to reproduce on almost any surface.

And it is peculiarly characteristic of much of the work which is now being done by a younger group of English writers on history and biography, not always, one may be permitted to remark, to the advantage of either field. It avoids the long and laborious work of investigation by the simple and obvious process of letting others do it. It relies on what Victor Hugo once called "the penetration of genius" to offset first-hand knowledge, or the lack of it. It relies on style rather than on scholarship, on manner rather than on matter. It leans toward epigram; it abounds in generalization; it teems with phrase. It is often amusing; it is not seldom enlightening; it is useful to the world of busy and tired men who seek a little learning with a considerable diversion; it is of the nature of good journalism. Of such is the work of Mr. Somervell, who, if he is not as clever as some of his rivals in this field is probably sounder in his judgments than many of them. Only—and one must say this—it seems sometimes a pity that some of these bright young men do not do some of the spade work for themselves. It would do them a great deal of good and it would make their work of infinitely more value both to themselves and to the rest of us.

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A London Letter

By Roderick Random

THAT noble traveller and journalist, the late Edmund Candler, has, I see, in the March issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* an article describing the travels and battles in Arabia during the European War of Colonel T. E. Lawrence, who was called the Mystery Man of the War and has become even more so The Mystery Man of the Peace. These travels and battles, Candler says in his posthumous paper, from the subject of Lawrence's book, "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," about which there has been more mystery, perhaps, than about any book since the Goncourts' "Journal." Candler declares that the private edition of this book will appear this year and the public edition next year. This is the first intimation of a public edition which I have seen in print. For years Lawrence was flatly opposed to the idea of such a thing as a public edition of any kind. But publishers and literary agents are relentless, and in the end he has yielded.

Since Lawrence is being spoken of again, it may be an opportune moment to give a summary of the position with regard to this work of mystery, "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom."

There actually was a time once, in 1922, when Lawrence was blithely going to publish the whole of his memoirs and philosophy, as he had written them. The MS was in the hands of a London publisher and serial rights had been sold to a Sunday newspaper in England for what was considered quite a respectable sum. Then suddenly, when all negotiations had been concluded, Lawrence changed his mind. He exacted the immediate return of the MS. Nothing, he announced firmly, nothing should ever be made public at all. This was about the moment when the *Daily Express* here revealed that "the famous Colonel T. E. Lawrence" was serving as "a private" in the Royal Air Force at Farnborough. The newspaper had obtained the information from an officer for £50. The result was that Lawrence obtained a transfer to the Royal Tank Corps, where his presence has been kept a virtual secret. It is not clear, however, whether it was this sudden blaze of publicity about his presence in the Air Force that caused Lawrence to withdraw his book. It is probable that it was only a contributing factor. He realized, partly as a result of the uproar perhaps, that there was in his MS much highly controversial and highly inflammable matter.

So he took it back and got a small Oxford printer to set it up in type. From this type five copies were printed, and then the type was distributed again. One of the five copies was placed in the Bodleian Library, where, of course, the sufficiently curious can have access to it. Where the other four copies are only Lawrence knows. And thereupon he thought the matter would be allowed to rest.

But friends and others expostulated with him, represented to him that these memoirs of his were history, that they contained a philosophy valuable to men of enlightenment, and so on. Eventually it was agreed that Lawrence would make from one of the five copies of the complete "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" a bowdlerized version which would be printed in a limited private edition of 150 copies. Persons who could be sufficiently vouched for and would undertake under no circumstances to write anything about the contents, would be allowed to subscribe for one each of these 150 copies for thirty guineas. There followed several "amusing incidents." For example, the case of the venerable Clement K. Shorter, literary editor of the *Sphere*, who being entirely unable to conceive reading a book without writing about it, refused to give the necessary undertaking of silence, and promptly had his thirty guineas cheque returned.

Thus the matter rested until 1925. Then pressure was begun on Lawrence to consent to still a third version of "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," this time for consumption by the vast simple public which would have to lack instruction from the learned Mr. Clement K. Shorter. He has little to live on beside his Army pay (which is very meagre); he was asked to consider his old age, to realize how foolish it was not to make a little money from the relatively innocuous matter which the third (or public) version would consist of. Nothing was said of the position of those who had subscribed each thirty guineas in the belief that they would get for that sum something which would be entirely withheld from the public, something which was going to be worth thirty guineas in their eyes partly because it would be rare. And, as may be gathered from Edmund Candler's announcement, Lawrence in the end consented once again.

One may go even a step beyond what Candler says, and disclose that the London publishers of the "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" will be Jonathan Cape, Ltd.

Some time after arrangements had been concluded between Lawrence and Messrs. Cape, the former was met one day in a rural district of England by a man he had met out East during the War and had seen at Oxford before then, Mr. Raymond Savage. Mr. Savage was formerly Curtis Brown's manager in London and recently set up in business for himself as a literary agent. He published a little while ago a book on Allenby, to whose staff he was attached during the War. Mr. Savage inquired of Lawrence what his publishing plans were. Lawrence told him of the arrangement made for the publication in England of a public edition of his book. "But what about America?" inquired Mr. Savage. Lawrence had to admit that he had not thought of America.

Hence it came about that in the next liner out of Southampton was Mr. Savage himself. He returned from his transatlantic visit only a short while ago. While in New York he saw Mr. George H. Doran, so rumor says, and Mr. Doran, it seems, leaped at the idea of a public edition of the "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" under his imprint. Mr. Savage, it seems, also visited Philadelphia and there had a conversation with Mr. George Lorimer. The serial rights of the "Seven Pillars" were bought by the *Saturday Evening Post* for a large sum.

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Books of the Spring

By AMY LOVEMAN

"THERE is properly no history, only biography," said Emerson thereby giving countenance to those interpreters of events who hold that it is leadership and not forces that shape the evolution of nations. Whatever arguments to the contrary may be advanced so far as the entire truth of the generalization is concerned there can be no doubt as to the effectiveness of leadership in the face of such biographies as two of those which the current publishing season has brought forth, "The Intimate Papers of Colonel House," which Charles Seymour has arranged as a narrative (Houghton Mifflin), and Carl Sandburg's "Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years" (Harcourt, Brace). Colonel House's two volumes are of extraordinary interest to students of the war period and must indeed form part of the substratum of all future historical discussion bearing on the years of conflict. The first part of a far more extensive work they cover the years 1912-1915, and show the Colonel as a prime factor in diplomatic conversations. They are, however, more than a diplomatic record for though in part concerned with the most recent and important phase of Colonel House's activity they in great part deal with his early life and with the successive steps in a career that is one of the most remarkable of recent times. Mr. Sandburg's "Lincoln" is biography of a different type; pictorial, anecdotal, romantic, it reflects the pageant of American civilization during the years when the Middle West was still a frontier as well as portraying the life of an individual. Mr. Sandburg, himself a native of Galesburg, Illinois, one of the towns which witnessed an episode in the memorable Lincoln-Douglas debate, was happily equipped for his task. A poet, who in his youth drank in from his elders story and episode of Lincoln and his times, he possesses a homespun quality, together with a tenderness that can find relief in humor and a vivid interest in the common man. Despite an occasional tendency to sentimentalize his chronicle has vigor and thrust; it is swift, richly laden with incident and piquant anecdote, and broad in its sweep.

The approaching centennial of the death of Thomas Jefferson has furnished the occasion for a trio of books on that statesman, one of them a winnowing of his correspondence by J. G. deRoulhac Hamilton entitled "The Best Letters of Thomas Jefferson" (Houghton Mifflin), another "The Life and Letters of Thomas Jefferson," by Francis W. Hirst (Macmillan), a formal biography by an English political liberal who, despite some minor inaccuracies and debatable generalizations, has produced what is one of the best as well as most colorful biographies of his subject in print, and Albert Jay Nock's forthcoming "Jefferson" (Harcourt, Brace). Interesting as a sidelight on the personalities and events of the times it purports to portray is "They Knew the Washingtons" (Bobbs-Merrill), a collection of letters from a French soldier with Lafayette and from his family in Virginia. The book is put forth by the publishers without assurance of its genuineness and by the translator, the Princess Radziwill, with the statement that the correspondence was found in the family archives. Washington and Lincoln, together with such antipodal influences as Louis XVI, Burgoyne, and Cornwallis constitute the personalities of a forthcoming volume, "Fathers of the Revolution" (Putnam), whose authorship by Philip Guedalla promises piquant reading. In "Four American Party Leaders" (Macmillan), Charles E. Merriam has first presented an analysis of the qualities that go to the making of political leadership and then taken the measure of Lincoln, Roosevelt, Wilson, and Bryan against this pattern. American pioneer history finds interesting exposition in Eugene C. Barker's life of Stephen F. Austin (Cokesbury), a biography of the founder of Texas.

The rôle that Mussolini has come to play in the politics of Italy and Europe made certain the appearance of literature upon him. In her "Life of Benito Mussolini" (Stokes), Margherita Sarfatti, his most intimate woman friend and a director of the Facist propaganda, has furnished many sidelights upon the personality and career of this spectacular figure. A far older statesman has been given portrayal, and portrayal of most interesting sort, in Clemenceau's "Demosthenes" (Houghton Mifflin), which is about to appear in English translation and in which the Tiger of France in the course of his comment on the great Greek has taken occasion to write a parable of his own day and country. Maurice Paleologue's "An Ambassador's Memoirs" (Doran), Maude Parker Child's "The Social Side of Diplomatic Life" (Bobbs-Merrill), and the Princess of Battenberg's "Reminiscences" (Brentanos), all present lively pictures of historic bearing. Of more specific interest is Joseph Delteil's "Joan of Arc" (Minton, Balch).

For the reader who likes his biography with a spice of picturesqueness, R. B. Cunninghame-Graham's books can always be recommended. Mr. Graham in addition to scholarly knowledge has a vivid pen and virile insight and such books as "Doughty Deeds" (Dial), with its accounts of an eighteenth century English gentleman who lived much of his life in the West Indies, and "A Brazilian Mystic" (Dial), should be read with zest by those who like colorful episode. For such readers, too, Devol's "Forty Years a Gambler on the Mississippi" (Holt), just reissued, Jack McLaren's "A Crowded Solitude" (McBride), "Yellowstone Kelly" (Yale University Press), edited by Milo M. Quaife; Lieutenant-Commander Fitzhugh Green's "Peary" (Putnams), and General P. Krassnoff's "From Double Eagle to Red Flag" (Duffield), a stirring chronicle of Czardom, war, and revolution in Russia, will hold appeal. But first and foremost among the new biographies of adventurous careers is Walter Nobel Burns's "Saga of Billy the Kid" (Doubleday, Page), the account of the West's most famous bad man, who when he died a violent death at the early age of twenty-one had as many murders as years to his discredit.

From narratives of adventurous lives such as these the reader of gentler taste will turn to books like John Barrymore's "Confessions of an Actor" (Bobbs-Merrill), Henry Ford's "Today and Tomorrow" (Doubleday, Page), J. A. Spender's "Reminiscences" (Stokes), Paul Bekker's "Beethoven" (Dutton), and "G. Stanley Hall," by Louis Pruett (Appleton). The student of foreign history will find the reflection of an interesting period in "A Huguenot Family in the Sixteenth Century" (Dutton), a memoir of Philippe de Mornay, Sieur du Plessis, written by his wife and translated by Lucy Crump, and should find much of value in J. A. Mallison's "Adolphe Thiers and the French Monarchy" (Houghton Mifflin), Jean Carrère's "The Pope" (Holt), and William Bolitho's "Italy Under Mussolini" (Macmillan), a volume which might be read in conjunction with the Sarfatti Life.

Edgar Allan Poe has long been a figure of whom discussion has been prolific but in the mass of literature which his personality and work have drawn forth little is of the interest or importance of the latest book upon him to appear, a biographical study and psychological, or psychoanalytical, analysis of the man and writer. Students of *belles lettres* will find Joseph Wood Krutch's work which Knopf has brought out most stimulating reading. They will welcome, too, "The Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh" (Macmillan), edited by his wife, in which is to be found the record of a scholarly life that proved an inspiration to many; Bonamy Dobree's "Essays in Biography" (Oxford University Press); "Joseph Conrad As I Knew Him" (Doubleday, Page), by his wife; Sherwood Anderson's "Notebook" (Boni & Liveright); Cameron Rogers's "The Magnificent Idler" (Doubleday, Page), a life of Walt Whitman; "The Letters of Thomas Manning to Charles Lamb" (Harpers), edited by G. A. Anderson; the "Letters of Bret Harte" (Houghton Mifflin), by Geoffrey Bret Harte, and the "Letters of Louise Imogen Guiney" (Harpers), by Grace Guiney. "Here are ladies," too, for such as seek them, "Some American Ladies" (Putnams), by Meade Minnigerode; "Madame de Pompadour" (Putnams), by Marcelle Tinayre, and "The Women of the Salons and Other Portraits" (Putnams), by S. G. Talentyre.

So much for biography, and the biography that is history. Now for the history that is straight history. The student of American affairs will turn with delight to Mark Sullivan's fascinating "The Turn of Century" (Scribners), the first volume, covering the years 1900-1904, in a projected history of the past twenty-five years to be entitled "Our Times." Mr. Sullivan's

(Continued on page 712)

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The New Books

Art

AMERICAN PICTURES AND THEIR PAINTERS. By LORINDA MUNSON BRYANT. Dodd, Mead. 1925. $5.

The author passes in review with illustrations upwards of two hundred American painters, from Copley to Morgan Russell, in one sustained note of eulogy. The effect is of a rather breathless and unmodulated lantern lecture. There is at least a fine impartiality. Chauncey Ryder gets his two pages, so does Albert Ryder. The book lays a considerable tax on the reader's sympathy, but next to none on his mind. With its many good illustrations, and unsparingly effusive text, the book is a reasonable equivalent for a very popular course of lectures, and to that extent may be recommended.

Belles Lettres

FOOLS AND PHILOSOPHERS. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. Dodd, Mead. 1925. $2.

This volume might from its title be any one of several interesting things. As a mere matter of fact, it is a carefully chosen collection of excerpts from great English humorists showing in action the comic characters of whom Mr. Priestley has elsewhere written so well. The fools and philosophers are taken mainly from Dickens and Shakespeare—twenty selections from the first, ten from the second—while fifteen other authors are represented, ranging in importance from Surtees to Fielding. It is not possible or even desirable that there should be general agreement on what ought to be included in a collection of this type. Mr. Priestley has practically disarmed criticism in his preface when he says: "The fact is that the ideal authors for such a selection as this are authors like Shakespeare and Dickens, in whom absurdity blossoms to perfection in single passages, who indulge their comic characters, giving them *carte blanche* as it were all over the place; whereas some other writers (Thackeray is perhaps the best example) who have a fine sense of comedy in character, whose work is saturated in humor, are yet a shade too close to realism, are too reluctant to abandon themselves to their more absurd creations, to provide short extracts that would do them any justice." Even so one can but regret the absence of Mrs. Proudie and Mr. Polly—and what of Chaucer's Wife of Bath?

THE HOME TOWN MIND. By *Duncan Aikman*. Minton, Balch. $2.50.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MEDAL. By *Edward Thompson*. Harcourt, Brace. $1.50.

THE MODERN NOVEL. By *Elizabeth A. Drew*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

THE MONEY BOX. By *Robert Lynd*. Appleton. $2.50.

TWO PREFACES. By *Walt Whitman*. Doubleday, Page.

Biography

THE EARL BISHOP. By W. S. CHILD-PEMBERTON. Dutton. 1925. Two vols.

The fourth earl of Bristol was one of the many "characters" that found free play for his wit and licentiousness in the latter half of the eighteenth century. That he was the Bishop of Derry in no wise imposed the restraint that would be considered necessary in these times. It is therefore advisable to remember that the Earl Bishop played his part in a time of political flux when society and all that governs it were far more unstable than at present.

The author, who did not live to witness the publication of this work, has indeed shown that his subject left humanity his debtors. The Bishop was one of those handsome male moths that flirted with the candle of life but who was shrewd enough never to singe his wings. He played love and politics with equal facility in every corner of Europe. He was known to all the great men of his day and in a sense he was one of them; but, strangest thing of all, he was never liked, loved, or hated for the same reason.

It is just this diversity of opinion, usually well founded, that make the Bishop such an odd and interesting figure and lends a charm to these books that is irresistible.

THE GODFATHER OF DOWNING STREET. By JOHN BERESFORD. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $5.

On a little cul-de-sac off Whitehall stands No. 10 Downing Street, from the outside so unpretentious that it might well pass for the modest residence of almost anybody's maiden aunt. Of all the seats of executive power that are known by the names of their location "No. 10" possibly carries more prestige per red brick than any other in the world.

This biography of Sir George Downing, after whom Downing Street was named, which takes the reader back to life in the Colony of Massachusetts, is chiefly interesting for the light it sheds on the origins of Downing Street, a piece of property which he "holde of the Crowne."

It follows then that as the founder of this famous street, or more properly of the two houses, No. 10 and No. 11, the account of Sir George's life is illuminating extrinsically rather than intrinsically. Professors Lowell and Morison have already covered much of the information contained in this book concerning the Bay Colony of Massachusetts, and while much remains to be done on the seventeenth century in England Sir George, had he not been the godfather of Downing Street, would probably never have come to light in this or any other biography.

Although he served without any great qualms of conscience Charles I, Cromwell, and Charles II, his character had all the vices, if one may term them such, and few of the virtues of a Puritan temperament. He is not a lovable man. But the book is a lovable book, despite a certain amount of dryness, and it is one that can be commended to American and English reader alike.

LIFE OF HENRY B. WRIGHT. By GEORGE STEWART, JR. Association Press. 1925.

This is a devoted biography of a very remarkable man who through a career at Yale, not long in years but extraordinary in influence, came nearer to the ideal we call "saintly" than perhaps any other American in his time. Henry Wright was a Greek scholar, an able organizer in the Y. M. C. A., a friend of all the world and particularly of youth, but most of all he was a character of such intelligent spirituality as to be remembered when equally efficient men are forgotten. Mr. Stewart's biography is therefore more than the loving history which we expect of able pastors or influential religious leaders. It is a record of a saint, and the method of the biographer, which is to give letters and tributes from friends as much space as the narrative of achievement, is a recognition of the singular qualities of the man he celebrates. We have heard much of "institutional religion" especially in the Y. M. C. A. Here is evidence of an essential religiosity more effective than all the efforts of executive management.

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF DIPLOMATIC LIFE. By *Maude Parker Child*. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.

STEPHEN GARDINER AND THE TUDOR REACTION. By *James Arthur Muller*. Macmillan. $4.

SECRETS OF A SHOWMAN. By *Charles B. Cochran*. Holt. $5.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ACTOR. By *John Barrymore*. Bobbs-Merrill.

Drama

WE MODERNS. By ISRAEL ZANGWILL. Macmillan. 1926. $2.50.

THE JAZZ SINGER. By SAMSON RAPHAELSON. Brentano. 1926. $2.

Here are two plays on parallel themes by Hebrew authors. Mr. Raphaelson's is dramatized from his story "The Day of Atonement," and is running in New York at the moment, while the other has had a somewhat checkered career on the stage both here and in London. Mr. Zangwill shows us an English family in the midst of its post-war adjustments, and Mr. Raphaelson's protagonist, a Jewish boy, struggles between his allegiance to racial traditions and the stage ambitions which he has come to cherish almost as highly. In neither case is the conflict between old and new resolved by the victory of either side; a sentimental compromise ends "We Moderns," and "The Jazz Singer" likewise temporarily resumes his place as cantor, with the poignance of the mammy-song still in his voice. Neither author, in spite of a sententious theme, attempts to go deep, but it is Mr. Raphaelson who makes less pother about the whole problem, and is consequently more broadly effective. Zangwill's Chelsea poets and free-lovers are conventional, unconvincing, and less colorful than the theatrical types in "The Jazz Singer;" in fact, in any comparison, the young American comes off decidedly better, both in the freshness of his dialogue and in his

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Drama

(*Continued from preceding page*)

technical superiority. His is a good, viable piece, as anyone visiting the Cort Theatre these days will discover. Mr. Zangwill's ill-natured abuse of certain dramatic critics in the appendix to his new volume does not add to its attractiveness.

THREE PLAYS by DAVID GARRICK. Edited by E. P. Stein. Rudge. 1926.

In a handsomely arranged volume of excellent typography, three occasional pieces by David Garrick have been published for the first time, by the press of William Edwin Rudge. "Harlequin's Invasion" dates from 1759 and was designed largely as a comment upon the pantomimes then prevalent. This manuscript was found by Miss Stein in the Boston Public Library. "The Jubilee," a combination of *genre* farce and pageant, was designed to be performed at the Stratford Jubilee of 1769, and is filled with parades of Shakespearean characters, with elaborate accompaniment of musical and choreographic effects. "The Meeting of the Company, or Baye's Art of Acting," produced at Drury Lane in 1774, is the most important of the three. The manuscript, like that of "The Jubilee," was found in the Huntington Collection. Both because its comic effects are better sustained and less dependent on topical allusions or complicated stage machinery, and because it deals with a subject of which Garrick was necessarily past master, this prelude has a significance and point very like that of Buckingham's better known "Rehearsal." Garrick's piece is less disordered than that of his noble predecessor, and owes little to it. It holds a worthy place in the long and distinguished line of burlesque plays-within-plays that followed "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" and "The Rehearsal." Principally of scholastic interest, and therefore supplied with admirable notes, illustrations, and facsimiles, this volume as a sample of Garrick's powers as a dramatist is not likely to damage his purely histrionic reputation.

TRAGEDIES. By *Algernon Charles Swinburne.* Bonchurch Edition.) Gabriel Wells. 2 vols.

Fiction

THE JESSAMY BRIDE. By F. FRANKFORT MOORE. Duffield. 1926. $2.

This anniversary edition of a famous old novel of the time of Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, Garrick, Burke, Reynolds, *et al*, bears an introduction by Christopher Morley, brief, graceful, enthusiastic. Well, "The Jessamy Bride" is a good historical novel of literary personages of the past, and a new edition is welcome. It first appeared thirty years ago and still retains its flavor. Frankfort Moore knew the period, as he proved not in this one lively volume alone. Noll Goldsmith is, of course, one of the most quaint and charming literary figures of all time. Here he is chastely embalmed in lucid amber.

LODGERS IN LONDON. By ADELAIDE EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Little, Brown. 1926. $2.

The title of Miss Phillpotts' book describes very well its substance, for what she has done is to relate the fortunes, in some cases loosely and in others tightly interlocking, of a group of roomers in a London lodging-house. It is a convenient and fairly natural way to create a tiny world composed of diversified individuals, and Miss Phillpotts has used it with average skill. The cast is a familiar one: a good-natured landlady, her tart sister, her rebellious child-niece, a mild old man and his daughter, her fiancée, a Jesuit student, and an old portrait-copyist. Miss Phillpotts jumps from one to the other, and her salutations reveal a pleasant humor, an ability for pathos sometimes degenerating into sentimentality, a deftness of superficial characterization, and enough inventiveness to keep the story readable. In short, she shows a facility in writing which may or may not lead to more significant achievement. The daughter of an established writer, she has no doubt found it easy to escape the errors and crudities of writing which most others

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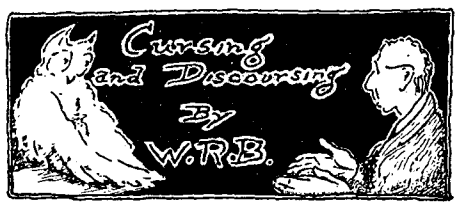

Bigger and Bigger

THE editorial offices of a Big Magazine. In the outer office there are three Big Desks. There is a Big carpet on the floor, gorgeous in texture. There are Big paintings on the walls in Big art frames. They are Original Illustrations. There are Big windows on one side of the room, looking out on Big buildings. There is a Big door to the inner office which is that of the Editor-in-Chief. There is, in fact, an atmosphere of Bigness about the whole business. There has to be.

Discovered are Mr. Blatch, with his feet on the slide of his desk, reading a manuscript. He is clad in pearl-gray with an orange scarf. His hair is patent leather. He wears horn glasses. He wears spats. He puts down the manuscript to light a cigarette which he has drawn from a gold cigarette case.

Mr. Sweezy sits at another desk. His clothes are a smoky blue heather mixture. His collar is the same color as his shirt, which is deep violet. His knotted scarf is purple. He has red hair and freckles, and wears horn glasses. He is filling a Dunhill pipe from a tobacco pouch made of yards and yards of yellow oiled silk. On his desk are a silver ink-stand with flying buttresses, an enormous new chestnut-colored leather brief case, and a bouquet of forget-me-nots in a tall fragile glass vase.

Miss Hennepen is the third occupant of the outer office. She sits at a typewriter desk upon which are a large elegant compact, a lipstick in a gold case, several new novels, a copy of "The Confessional Magazine," a knicknack from Roget and Gallet, an ink eraser and some correspondence paper and envelopes bearing the name of the Big Magazine lettered in gold and blue.

Blatch: Well, last night she threw a swell party.

Sweezy: There's always something the matter with her Scotch.

Miss Hennepen: (*humming not unmusically to herself*) Show me the way to go home!

Blatch: (*stretching and yawning*) But it's hard to get down to work today.

Sweezy: Well, it's nearly time for lunch. It's eleven forty-five.

Miss Hennepen: Shall I say "not quite available" or "outside the periphery of our present needs" to Miss Child, Mr. Sweezy?

Sweezy: (*tilting back his swivel chair*) Miss *Child?*

Miss Hennepen: The pretty little blonde who left her story with you yesterday.

Sweezy: Oh that? Oh, yes! Oh never mind. I'll write her myself.

Blatch: Shall we try *The Versailles* this noon?

Sweezy: There's not enough room to dance.

Blatch: Well, their Martinis are swell.

Sweezy: (*to Miss Hennepen*) When's old Rags coming in?

Miss Hennepen: Mr. Ragland said he would be in at ten.

Blatch: Saw him at the Daisy Club last night. He was doing the Charleston with Mimi Nash.

Sweezy: Then he won't be here before twelve-thirty, or till after lunch.

Blatch: I'm hungry and it's twelve. Let's go out. Here, Miss Hennepen, this story's no good. I've read the first page. You can always tell.

(*He puts it in a wire basket, pulls the cord of a traveler such as they used to have in stores, and the MS. in the basket rises and travels overhead on a wire to above Miss Hennepen's desk where it gently descends.*)

Blatch: Rejection slip.

Sweezy: (*rising and putting on a rakish blue fedora, with yellow gloves*) Come on Blatchy, old thing.

Blatch: (*rising and putting on a pearl-grey fedora, with orange gloves*) Righto. Back at three-thirty, Miss Hennepen. (*They go out.*)

Miss Hennepen:

Butter and eggs, butter and eggs,
Ay-uh-nee buddy who walks on two legs;
Gun-man, yegg-man, butter-and-egg-man—

(*Enter Mr. Ragland, Editor-in-Chief of the Big Magazine. He resembles both Mr. Blatch and Mr. Sweezy, in a way,—only Bigger.*)

Mr. Ragland: Good morning, Miss Hennepen. Well, we have X. Y. Z. Ouchison's new Big Serial. Cabled me last night. Here's the first instalment.

(*He opens a Big leather brief case, removes a manuscript, and tosses it on Miss Hennepen's desk.*)

Send that to the printer. Big Stuff. Big title. "The Lowing Herd." Quotation from Longfellow—or—or somebody. Big beginning. Dissatisfied wife and husband both shoot each other simultaneously in the drawing room of their London flat. Let's see. I'll just finish up the blurb for it and you can send that down, too.

(*Mr. Ragland sits down in a Big upholstered chair.*)

Take this, Miss Hennepen. Ready? Beginning in April—our Biggest Serial. You can't afford to miss it. All the English-speaking world acclaims the colossal genius of X. Y. Z. Ouchison. Here is his latest masterpiece. Huge. Period. Punch-packing. Period. Vital. Italic Caps. Period. The World's Greatest Enigma Solved. Exclamation Point. Who was The Man With the Crooked Foot. All Caps. Question. The Father of Lady Baynebroke's Child. Dash. Which. Question. What of the Younger Generation. Question. When lovely Opal Sindringham found Life in Mayfair but an Empty Shell comma whither led the trail of Purple Taxi. Question. How would you act if your Husband's bootlegger was a Duke in Disguise. Question. Will the World return to Fundamentalism. Question. You Don't Know. Exclamation. Neither Do We. Exclamation. But Ouchison *Does*. Period. Caps. Italics. . . . There, that'll do for a starter. Well, I'm off for lunch. Run that off in triplicate, copy for me, copy for Blatch, copy for Sweezy. I'll be back at four for that conference on the March cover. . . . Oh, yes, by the way, have a cheque for one hundred thousand dollars made out to Zindstein and Zindstein, Mr. Ouchison's American agents, covering initial payment on "The Lowing Herd," remainder on receipt of last instalment. That's all. Kew!

(*Mr Ragland goes out.*)

(*Four hours later. Enter Blatch, Sweezy, and Mr. Ragland. A moment later, Miss Hennepen.*)

Mr. Ragland: That conference, Miss Hennepen! The March cover. Mr. Frisker here?

Miss Hennepen: Mr. Frisker's on the phone, Mr. Ragland.

Mr. Ragland (into phone): Hello? That you, Frisker? Ragland speaking. Matter of that March cover. You can't come over? Oh, I see. Well, we've been thinking of having some variation. For instance,—how about a girl's head, hands up to her head. Hat's blown off. March wind blowing,—see—ha! ha! Rabbit down in foreground. "March Hare," see? "March *Hair!*" See? Ha! ha! Whaddya think of that? *Bine!* O. K. Right, Frisker. Let us have it Monday. Right. O. K. O. K. Right, Frisker. Yeah, a-a-all right. O. K., Frisker. . . . Well, that fixes *that*. Let's see, Blatch,—anything important to see me about?

Mr. Blatch: Well, it seems to me, Sir, we need some sizzling leading article for May. Something Big, I mean. I've an idea. Big Prohibition Provocative article. "Wet or Dry!" Symposium. All Big Bugs. You know the kind of thing. Portraits. Swash lettering. Comic drawings by Fiddleditch.

Mr. Ragland: Listens good. What say, Sweezy?

Mr. Sweezy: Good idea.

Mr. Ragland: Put it through, Blatch. Send wires. Send cables. Spare no expense. Feature stuff. Put it over Big. That all?

Miss Hennepen: There are several gentlemen in the reception room waiting to see one of the editors, sir.

Mr. Ragland: *Gentlemen?* Who are they?

Miss Hennepen: One's Mr. Inverton, who wrote "Bees in Amber"—

Mr. Ragland: (*laughing loudly*) "Bees in Amber!" Why it never sold over four thousand! Who else?

Miss Hennepen: There's a poet, and—and a college professor—.

Mr. Ragland: *Poets? College professors?* What in *time*,—what do they think this *is!* This is a *Big* Magazine. Do they realize that this is a *Big* Magazine? No, no, of *course* not, Miss Hennepen. Say, we're all in conference.

(*Exit Miss Hennepen.*)

Mr. Ragland: Well, boys. I'm off. Great cover idea, that for March. What? By the way, Sweezy, about Ouchison's serial; look it over when it comes up from the printer. Big. Great Stuff. But I haven't had time to read it yet. Get Frisker right on the job to illustrate it when he turns in that cover. Big three-quarter page drawings. Colors. That's a big thing—Ouchison. We must put it over *Big*. Well, ta-ta!

(*Exit Mr. Ragland.*)

Mr. Blatch: (*sinking into his chair and fanning himself*) Lord! It's been a big day, Sweezy. The Chief is certainly full of energy.

Mr. Sweezy: (*yawning*) Yeah, *I'll* say. Well, nothing to do till tomorrow. I got a tea date.

(*Exit Mr. Sweezy*)

(*Reënter Miss Hennepen.*)

Mr. Blatch: (*with extreme languor*) Get some cable forms, Miss Hennepen. I suppose I've got to send some darn cables. Send one King Alfonso, get his address in Spain. Take this. Your Royal Highness, *The Big Magazine* requests your views Prohibition one hundred dollars per word not less than two thousand words. Should deeply appreciate your coöperation in this international discussion. Kindly cable our expense— *Curtain*

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By J. Laird $1.00
Dr. Laird discusses here, the problem of the relation between the Mind and the Body.

The Poetry of Our Lord
By the Rev. C. F. Burney $5.00
It appeared to the author that the language of the Fourth Gospel often resembled in form the poetical books of the Old Testament, and it occurred to him that the form had been dictated by the use by our Lord of rhymes and phrases suggested by traditional Hebrew literature. This book is therefore an attempt to pursue this line of argument, and to show from it the probability that we have, where such parallelism with Hebrew forms occur, a clear indication of our Lord's own words.

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

have to overcome; but in "Lodgers in London" she shows none of her father's power at his best. Perhaps *her* hardship will be to overcome her facility; the book suggests the need for a clearer, sounder, subtler, and less romantic comprehension of life.

CUCKOO. By DOUGLAS GOLDRING. McBride. 1926. $2.

Douglas Goldring is one of a tribe of increasingly familiar and influential English writers. Modern in the slightly superior and aristocratic fashion of the post-war intellectual, they are contemptuous of the earnest and combative modernity of the younger Americans. Nor are they so concerned with the discovery of new technical methods as the writers of what may be termed, in an inexcusable generalization, the Joyce school. Norman Douglas may be pointed out as a forerunner from whom Mr. Goldring, in particular, has learned much, and Aldous Huxley as a present day leader in this type of fiction. The Firbank of "Valmouth" and "Caprice" and "Inclinations," has also been a distinct influence in the composition of this very clever book.

The manner and the properties still count in the telling of a story with a "Message" far less obvious though hardly more distinct than that of Mr. Goldring's graver contemporaries, and as a result "Cuckoo" is a good and highly readable example of his talent, considerably better worked than his previous "Nobody Knows." He is not yet as apt as Mr. Huxley in escaping the conventional, and the author of "South Wind" can still give him cards and spades in the matter of character building. But in the main his humors and his problems do most decidedly and delightfully come off. Morwenna Crowley, a distinguished lady-novelist, is the central figure; her progress from San Bartolomeo on the Italian Riviera to Grunewald in Oberbayern is highly diverting. She has three suitors, (to use a Mid-Victorian term for the timeless yearning male), and it is perhaps a little unfortunate that Mr. Goldring chose to make the first of them so much more interesting and natural than the other two. The book as a whole, in fact, declines gently into an unlikely brace of marriages, achieved by the simple process of throwing each character into the arms of the only one of the others with whom he has heretofore had no relations. In addition, there is a young sister of Morwenna, and a lady whose husband has sent her to Italy with her children and a supposed brother, actually the third angle of this particular family triangle; it may be noted that she is, and remains, quite virtuous, even in the face of her husband's unusual idea of a pleasure trip for his wife. The burly evangelical amorist who succeeds in carrying off Morwenna, and a number of character parts, Italian and English, complete the list. It is not hard to fill in the background and incidents. There is much drinking, a great deal of fine talk and accomplished love-making, some highly impressionistic verbal lantern slides of scenery, and several extremely realistic arguments. Mr. Goldring's people are full of convictions; they express them; and in the main they live up to them: that is the principal difference between this novelist and a talent so similar, technically, as that of Ronald Firbank. But his convictions seldom become an obstacle to his pen. "Cuckoo" makes literate and satisfying Spring reading for those who do not take their modernity over seriously.

TRIUMPH. By JOHN WILEY. Minton, Balch. 1926. $2.

The young author of this novel writes with such disarming simplicity that it is sometimes a trifle difficult to be sure whether he intends a deep irony in his portraits and in his story, or is merely incredibly naïve. On the surface, his is an old and pleasant fable: a fascinating city chap carries off the abnormally beauteous and righteous heroine, who is the daughter of a New England Congregational minister. By a slightly melodramatic chance she simultaneously becomes an heiress, and the newly married pair depart for New York to live in the modern manner on her income. The inevitable degringolade follows. The hero turns out thoroughly worthless, just as he used to in the tearful romances of our grandparents, and is killed as he is running off with the other woman. The heroine then returns home to bear his child, endow a public park in his name, and remain faithful to his memory. There are the usual serio-comic spinsters in the background, and a faithful but stodgy fiancé who is thrown over twice, at the beginning and at the end of the story, for the less constant but more interesting New Yorker. Taken at its face value, the significance of all this is slight, and Mr. Wiley gives it to us with all the proper rubber stamps attached. Even the title, which is shared this spring by Mr. Wiley's book and the latest instalment of the Baroness Aminoff's Napoleonic saga, and was used a few seasons ago by May Edginton, does not seem to mean much, for the only triumph is one of comparatively false emotion. Perhaps Mr. Wiley intended to indicate by it his admiration for the patience of his heroine in standing her insufferable husband for so many years. In any case, his second novel is machine-made and dull, entirely without the charm which made his "Education of Peter" so readable.

FREDERICK LONTON. By D. W. CROFT. Longmans, Green. 1926. $2.25.

Although his publishers announce Mr. Croft's book as a "mystery" novel, it fails to justify the term, since there is nothing mystifying, either to the reader or to the characters principally concerned, in the work. There is, however, a great deal that is inconsequential, irritating, formless, and a bore; for example, the multitude of false starts and the excess of wandering from the point of which the author is guilty, frequently accompanied by the apologetic aside: "If the reader will bear with us." Lonton is a middle-aged solitary, whose reason momentarily gives way beneath the weight of his imaginary suffering. In a mad frenzy he sets fire to his house, after wrecking the furniture, in the ensuing tumult escaping under the suspicion of having murdered his housekeeper. He secludes himself in a London slum, works as a dock navvy, learns the simple joys of poverty and brotherhood among the submerged, and for the first time in his life is happy. Except for an occasional agreeable page or two, the book is very weak and infinitely dull.

THE LAUGHING HEART. By BEATRICE SHEEPSHANKS. Harpers. 1926. $2.

We know of no recent acceptably written novels which for feebleness of substance and faults of structure surpass this one. Primarily a love story, its somnolent course is furthered from beginning to end by nothing more solid than the ceaseless gabble of gossiping women, the gestures of shadows, and the constant vague intimation that marvelous happenings impend. A well-to-do mother and her three grown, but unwed, daughters, depart from London to occupy a shooting lodge in the Scotch backwoods; the youngest girl having thoughtlessly undertaken to present the world with a foundling in the near future, it is deemed advisable that the family remain temporarily under partial cover. We find it useless to dwell here upon the deluge of scandal, petty, interminable talk, repetitious, irrelevant scenes, unfulfilled implications, and the dire technical chaos which flood the pages.

HOME TALENT. By LOUISE CLOSSER HALE. Holt. 1926. $2.

Mrs. Hale's excellent novel pictures the life of the theatre with an intimate comprehension of its realities which frees its pages from all trace of the usual noxious, sentimental treatment common to the general run of footlight stories. Sharlie Flagg, the heroine, a talented, but unknown, young actress, comes from the "sticks" to Broadway for her opportunity, secures a small part, makes good not too amazingly, but soon is beset by undreamed of difficulties that threaten to impede her continued success. A temperamental, dishonorable leading man is the chief cause of Sharlie's troubles, for she unwittingly allows him to use her as the innocent shield to protect the name of a woman with whom he is in love. The girl's trials are eventually vanquished, but before this happens one meets as distinctive and interesting a company of dramatic types as is to be found in any contemporary novel which deals truthfully with members of the "profession."

THE LEADING LADY. By Geraldine Bonner. Bobbs-Merrill. 1926. $2.

Geraldine Bonner is a California author of long standing. She has a narrative gift and ingenuity at weaving a plot. "The Leading Lady" is a mystery yarn with which one can pass pleasantly any inclement evening at home. The author manages the improbabilities of her story with journalistic skill. Pace is maintained and one twist

(*Continued on next page*)

THE ABLE McLAUGHLINS, by Margaret Wilson, winner of Harper's 1922-23 *Prize Novel Contest, was awarded* THE PULITZER PRIZE *for* 1923.

THE PERENNIAL BACHELOR, by Anne Parrish, winner of Harper's 1924-25 *Contest, achieved an immediate critical and popular success; it is now selling in its second hundred thousand.*

Harper's 1926-7 $2,000 Prize Novel Competition

Judges:

Jesse Lynch Williams
Former President Authors' League of America

Carl Van Doren
Author "The American Novel"

John Erskine
Columbia University
Author of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy"

¶ To the Author of the best novel, as determined by the judges, Harper & Brothers will pay as a Prize the outright sum of $2,000, *in addition to the ordinary terms of royalty,* which will be arranged with the Author. The conditions of this competition are as follows:

1. Any Author shall be eligible for the Prize who is an American citizen and who has not published a novel in book form prior to January 1, 1919.

2. Only manuscripts of unpublished works, submitted to Harper & Brothers before February 1, 1927, and accompanied by the declaration of the Author that the manuscript is submitted in competition for the prize, shall be considered.

3. All manuscripts submitted in competition must be offered to Harper & Brothers for publication on terms to be arranged between the Author and the Publisher. The successful work shall be chosen from among those manuscripts accepted by Harper & Brothers for publication and the Prize shall be in addition to and independent of the royalty to be arranged for in the usual way.

4. Harper's Magazine shall have the right to publish the successful work serially on terms to be arranged with the Author, but this right may be waived.

5. No manuscript containing less than 30,000 words shall be considered as a novel for the purpose of this Competition, and preference will be given in general to works of full novel length.

6. Harper & Brothers shall use all reasonable care to pass promptly on manuscripts submitted in competition for this Prize and to return those found unavailable for publication, but they shall not be responsible for manuscripts lost in transit.

7. The judges of the competition shall be JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS, former president of The Authors' League of America; CARL VAN DOREN, author of "The American Novel"; JOHN ERSKINE, Columbia University. Their decision shall be accepted on all questions of eligibility or interpretation of the rules, and their award shall be final.

8. The award shall be made and publicly announced as soon as possible after the close of the Competition.

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Literary Note:

There has just been published the book that caused a sensation among critics and readers when it was brought out in a limited edition a year ago. Mrs. Shephard, author of "Paul Bunyan," lives in the state of Washington and heard many of these stories from the lips of old-time lumbermen. She wrote down the old legends without embellishment—striving to keep the simplicity of tales told during countless nights in the bunkhouse. That she succeeded is proved by the acclaim with which the book was welcomed. Robert Littell said of the stories that they are "like nothing else in the world." Burton Rascoe called them "a storehouse of rich, racy, indigenous idioms." J. D. Symon, in the *Illustrated London News* said, "In this book is comprehended the whole art and mystery of the tall story." When Harry Hansen discussed them over the radio (WMAQ, Chicago, and WEAF, New York) he received hundreds of letters from all over the United States from men who clamored for the book. The welcome it received made advisable its publication in this new edition. As Mr. Hansen says, "It is *the* Paul Bunyan."

Esther Shephard's "Paul Bunyan" is $2.00

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To a Land of Fantasy, Beauty, Wisdom and Laughter

GANDLE FOLLOWS HIS NOSE

by Heywood Broun

"GANDLE FOLLOWS HIS NOSE is safely among the best novels likely to be published this year."—George Currie, *The Brooklyn Eagle.*

"I wish I had my hat on just now, because I would like to take it off to Mr. Heywood Broun, author of many curious books, and creator of the singular concoction of fantasy and humor called GANDLE FOLLOWS HIS NOSE."—*The Providence Journal.*

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"Personality"

It is a simple task, once an identity has been established, to make a personality felt. There must, however, be a contact point between the possessor of that personality and the audience. It is not necessary for the audience to see the person, the contact may be made through print. There is a possibility, for instance, that readers of the Saturday Review of Literature are able to describe May Lamberton Becker, the Phoenician, P. E. G., Quercus, Christopher Morley, W. R. B., or Dr. Canby.

* * * *

Through the medium of this periodical it has been comparatively easy for bookreaders to meet not only the editors and contributors but many authors and, in the cases of biography (witness "the Colonel") the subject, too. Publishers make their bow in the reviews and advertising columns. Certainly this condition is excellent and those persons who are "regulars" on the Saturday Review mailing list are fortunate in having acquired so many wise good friends.

* * * *

But, and unfortunately, there are many people who ought to be interested in books and reading who are not. They too, would find happiness in the friendship of the many authors. They ought to be introduced to the Saturday Review and its staff and to a good bookseller with whom they may discuss reading problems and on whom they may depend.

* * * *

The members of the American Booksellers Association (you will find them in cities in every part of the country) extend to reader and non-reader a cordial invitation to visit our stores, shops and book departments. Whether the public comes to browse or to seek advice, it is more than welcome.

* * * *

After one visit the stranger will readily understand when we say that our shops have a personality comparable to that of the Saturday Review.

Ellis W. Meyers
Executive Secretary

American Booksellers Association

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

of incident follows another swiftly enough to sustain the interest and keep the reader from meditating upon the obvious theatrically of the whole tale. By saying "theatricality" we do not refer to the fact that the story concerns a company of actors gathered on an island off the Maine coast after a charity performance. That initial situation is well imagined and pregnant with dramatic possibility. Then comes a good, healthy murder, always in demand by the veteran mystery-story reader. The hunt is on. There is a neat surprise in conclusion. Why ask for more? Miss Bonner did not intend a profound psychological study. She keeps the emotional motivation to broad simple lines. And while she does not invest her story with the glamour that is in the gift of the really first-rate mystery writers, she nevertheless does quite an adequate job. She has concocted a decidedly readable thriller.

TINSEL. By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE. Appleton. 1926. $2.

Tinsel by name and tinsel by nature, Mr. Towne's novel seems ideally suited to the needs of the cinema drama. The stock characters beloved alike by moving picture directors and fans are all here: the large, middle-aged, socially ambitious wife; the little, timid, buried-in-business husband; the handsome, well-intentioned, but weak young son; the beautiful and strong-charactered daughter; the lady of high degree, fallen financially to the depths of interior decorating, now campaigning a middle-western family into the social spotlight of New York; and several titled members of the British aristocracy thrown in for good measure. The well-remembered incidents are at hand for the continuity writer: the lavish balls, with tapestried walls sliding back to reveal exotic pageantry; gin parties ending in near-drownings at midnight watched by a frantic crowd in evening dress; strikes; the gaucheries of the uninitiated in the higher social realm; automobile accidents; the spectacle of a fat woman falling down, here amplified by having her draped in white cheese-cloth on a Fourth of July float deluged by rain. The scenic artist will find his favorite sets ready for his actualization: the late Pullman style of the home before æsthetic infiltration; a riot of Italian and Spanish interiors and exteriors; and, for climax, the fantasy of pavilions built for the splendor of a single night. Even that vestigial appendage of the motion picture industry, the Board of Censorship, is not overlooked. After all the scenes of alluring revelry in high life, the necessary *volte-face* is accomplished in time for old home week.

That Mr. Towne's manner rises to the height of his matter may be shown by such quotations as the following:

> But it was to the arbor that Enid went—with Lord Osmond. In such a crowd—there were over a thousand guests—no one noticed particularly how people paired off. The combination of voluptuous music, champagne, perfume, moonlight, beauty, and the soft August night wind gave romance—however fleeting—its perfect chance and setting. Youth could not forego the danger that lurked all about.

It is not hard to imagine what happened next.

> "Enid"—he suddenly drew her to him—"you lovely creature, I adore you!" And she felt herself drawn to his heart—close, close—and there was a mad moment when his kisses, hot as flame, burned her cheek. . . . What did this mean? Whither was she—the young wife and mother now—drifting? She was terrified, even in her ecstacy.

If Mr. Towne holds a mirror up to nature, it is one of the distorting Coney Island variety. As thousands are delighted by the latter, so other thousands, the Coney-islanders in literature, will be delighted by "Tinsel."

WILLIAM. By E. H. YOUNG. London: Jonathan Cape. 1925.

"William" is not " a story by a sentimental person about sentimental people." But the few who enjoy such a novel as Laura Sidgwick's "Hatchways," or Margaret Kennedy's "The Ladies of Lyndon," will find a deep delight in "William." We do not say that these novels are of a class; but they resemble each other in being quiet in tone and in demanding of the reader a close attention to discover the fine and delicate touches in which they abound and which cumulatively build up such a satisfaction in his mind as to constitute an experience and reward him with a memory to be continued long as life shall last.

"William" is a story "unenriched by strange events," remarkable for the deftness with which its chief figure is portrayed. We shall remember always William Nesbitt, who gives his name to Mr. Young's novel. He has no conspicuous traits of character, he doesn't do anything spectacular, he is occupied chiefly in being a discerning and sympathetic husband and father—a man-size job. He is indeed inhibited in one thing, his staid respectable wife has never given him the sense of romance—he has a capacity for the grand passion which she in her comely capability has never given him. In his daughter Lydia is the same capacity and after she is safely (in her mother's opinion) married, comes, as the movies put it, the grand passion. And she dares and goes away with her lover. How William knows in his intuitive way that she is right, how he brings his wife to be reconciled to her daughter's sin, as she deems it, is a most fascinating story. William Nesbitt has an unusual mind, he is very guileful and subtle in his dealing with his women folk, but he is guided by love. He achieves a happy outcome for them but one leaves him, moved to sorrow for a man essentially solitary—lonely.

It is a fine piece of work this—a penetrating study of the man in his relations with his family, particularly with Lydia. And it is done in a style distinguished in its quiet certainty.

THE DEAN AND JECINORA. By VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH. Duffield. 1926. $2.

For a light romance, with a mild dash of mystery and comedy, this story is a genuine novelty. Its central character, the Dean of Frattenbury Cathedral, a highly respected cleric of fifty-three, finds his name and position threatened by disgrace through the dubious financial dealings of his younger brother, an incorrigible black sheep. In order to avert the impending scandal, the Dean exchanges identities with the ne'er-do-weel so that the latter may escape to France. Scarcely has this move been effected when complications of a keenly ingenious variety set in, one of them involving the arrest of the courageous and innocent Dean in the place of his fugitive brother. A secondary theme, which develops the love affair of the Dean's niece and a flamboyant young business man, is skilfully used to round out and enliven the main course of the action.

STORM DUST. By *Constance Smith*. Holt.
A SPORTING CHANCE. By *Margaret Cameron*. Harpers. $2.
THE DEVIL. By *Leo Tolstoy*. Harpers. $2.
THE DANGEROUS GAME. By *William C. Queux*. Macaulay. $2 net.
THE SPLENDID SHILLING. By *Odwal Jones*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.
A DILEMMA. By *I. Andreiyeff*. Translated by *John Cournos*. Adelphi. $1.50 net.
A KING BY NIGHT. By *Edgar Wallace*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.
ALISON VAIL. By *Elizabeth Newport Hepburn*. Holt. $2.
WOMEN LIKE MEN. By *Allan Leigh*. Macaulay. $2 net.
ODTAA. By *John Mansefield*. Macmillan.
THE SECRET LISTENERS OF THE EAST. By *Dhan Gopal Mukerji*. Dutton. $2.
BONANZA. By *William MacLeod Raine*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.
MEN AND HORSES. By *Ross Santie*. Century. $3.
MISS BLAKE'S HUSBAND.. By *Elizabeth Jordan*. Century. $2.
FOR A NIGHT. By *Emile Zola*. Adelphi. $1.50 net.
EVA AND THE DERELICT BOAT. By *Franz Molnar*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.
THE DANCER'S CAT. By *C. A. Nicholson*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.
THE ADVENTURES OF FERDINAND, COUNT FATHOM. By *Tobias Smollett*. Greenberg. $2.50.
THE UNFORTUNATE TRAVELER. By *Thomas Trashe*. Greenberg. $2.
MR. JONATHAN WILD. By *Henry Fielding*. Greenberg. $2.
LAZARILLO DE TORMES. Greenberg. $2.
DEMIGODS. By *John Biggs, Jr.* Scribners. $2.
CHALLENGE. By *Joan Sutherland*. Harpers. $2.
THE PRIDE OF THE TOWN. By *Dorothy Walworth Carman*. Harpers. $2.
THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS. By *Homer Croy*. Harpers. $2.
A NEW NAME. By *Grace Livingston Hill*. Lippincott. $2.
THE NUMBER ONE BOY. By *John Taintor Foote*. Appleton. $1.75.
THE WOMAN TEMPTED. By *the Countess of Cathcart*. Macaulay. $2.

Miscellaneous

THE STORY KEY TO GEOGRAPHIC NAMES. By O. D. VON ENGELN and J. MCK. URQUHART. Appleton. 1924. $2.

This ingenious book, though published some time ago, has not before been

(*Continued on page 712*)

Trade Winds

I TOLD Jocunda that this was to be the Spring Book Number of the *Saturday Review*, and would she please let me have a list of the books announced for this season that she had a preliminary craving to read.

She announced instantly (how the deuce she makes up her mind about these things I don't know; for as far as I can observe most of her spare time lately has been spent on 38th street, in that block between Fifth and Sixth Avenues where all the little wholesale millinery shops are, and thousands of tiny bright hats have settled in the windows like flocks of birds) that the two books that give her a kick are Ring Lardner's "The Love Nest" and Elizabeth Bibesco's "The Whole Story."

That won't do at all, I said; they're both collections of short stories and we can't sell 'em.

"Never mind," she cried; "there aren't any writers living who can do more brilliant work than those two; as for Lizzie" (it is in this familiar fashion that she always refers to Princess Bibesco) "I think her stuff is simply heartrending; it makes me shudder to think of the people who would relish that book and yet will never hear of it; Putnams have simply made up their minds that Lizzie's stuff won't sell. And they're quite right; it's too exquisite."

"The book I vote for," said Young Amherst, "is one that most booksellers won't even carry in stock; it's 'The American Wing,' not a novel but a publication of the Metropolitan Museum, all about their Americana stuff, old New England furniture and so on; one dollar in paper and two dollars in cloth."

Fine, I said; order ten copies for us; we'll sell 'em easily.

"Did you hear about those O. Henry manuscripts that have been found by Witter Bynner?" said Young Amherst. "They're to be sold at the Anderson Galleries shortly."

"Don't talk to me about O. Henry," said Jocunda. "Not while I can get Lizzie Bibesco and Ring Lardner. O. Henry's stuff *dates* too horribly."

But how about novels? I cried.

"Well," said Amherst, "try that one of Billy Bullitt's, 'It's Not Done.' It'll surprise you."

"What do you think of the Massachusetts Watch and Ward Society having banned Naomi Mitchison's 'Cloud Cuckoo Land,'" exclaimed Jocunda. "Can you beat it? That fine book. Oh damn the literary critics anyhow, they always praise the obvious things and you don't hear about the real stuff until Massachusetts condemns it. I suppose the only safe course for a publisher is to do what they all do sooner or later—get out a Life of Christ and a new edition of 'Pinocchio.'"

The book that *I* like the sound of, I said tentatively, is "The Viaduct Murder," by Ronald Knox. I can't get on without some good detective stories. I wonder if that's the same Ronald Knox that wrote "The History of the Future"? The stories lately have been such tripe I had to fall back on old favorites like Arthur Train's "True Stories of Crime," and the new pocket edition of Conan Doyle that Doran's getting out.

"Listen, P. E. G.," said Jocunda, "you're too lowbrow to run a bookshop. Go out and buy yourself a new hat, or watch them tearing down the Netherland and the Savoy. It's a great sight. I wish Muirhead Bone were here to do a drawing of it. —Or try dancing over Fire and Water with old man Faure. You're as quaint as Ring Lardner's Miss Spooldripper."

"The fellows the publishers are all gossiping about in secret are Glenway Wescott and Ernest Hemingway," began young Amherst, but Jocunda cut him off. She is very contemptuous of his tentative efforts to be *In The Know*. She crushed him with some remark (I didn't quite catch it) about a favorite of her own, a book called "Landscape With Figures" by Ronald Fraser.

"I'm getting worried about Amherst," she said to me privately. "He showed me a copy of Merimée's 'Letters to an Unknown' in which he had marked a passage *I do not want to be in love but I should like to have a woman friend*. Don't you think that sounds dangerous? Do you suppose he's fallen for the kind of woman who reads Merimée in translation?"

"Jocunda," I said, "you're a good kid. Let's leave Amherst to run the store. I'll take you to the movies. They're playing 'Lady Windermere's Fan' just around the corner, Lubitsch directed it."

P. E. G. QUERCUS.

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Points of View

A Correction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

In writing his voluminous "Adventures of an Illustrator" Mr. Joseph Pennell seems to have depended almost entirely upon his memory of a long stretch of years and of a multitude of enterprises and experiences, persons, places, and things. Therefore his readers cannot be surprised if they find what seem to them errors of various kinds. Of course it is only in regard of errors of fact that they need feel concerned. But of one series of these I am impelled to speak as it affects my own record as a writer rather than Mr. Pennell's as an illustrator.

On p. 170 Mr. Pennell says that the "English and French cathedrals" were to have been "done" by me for the *Century Magazine* but that I "only wrote" of the English ones. Before speaking of the main error in this statement I may note a minor one which Mr. Pennell consistently repeats on later pages. I was commissioned to describe and he to illustrate a series of English cathedrals and, later on, a series not of French cathedrals but of French *churches* because while all the churches of the first importance (architecturally speaking) in England are cathedrals, excepting Westminster Abbey, in France the case is very different.

In due time twelve articles that I wrote about the English cathedrals were published, first in the magazine and then in a book, with Mr. Pennell's illustrations. Toward the end of the year 1888, Mr. Pennell relates, he was commissioned by the Century Company to do the "French cathedrals." Saying this and describing his consequent work he makes no mention of me but remarks that "the results are in 'French Cathedrals' by Mrs. Pennell." That is the main error to which I have referred—and it is something more than a simple error of omission. As a matter of fact, Mr. Pennell was commissioned to depict certain cathedrals and other churches in France on a list which I had drawn up and the Century editors had approved. During 1889 I visited all of these and many other French churches and had some brief correspondence with Mr. Pennell. And in November, 1894, the first of my articles, called "The Churches of Provence," appeared in the magazine; in April, 1896, "The Churches of Périgord and Angoulême; in July, 1897, "The Churches of Poitou and Normandy," and a couple of years later "The Churches of Auvergne" and "The Cathedral of Le Puy"—five articles, all of them with Mr. Pennell's pictures.

Then I abandoned the series. For reasons connected with other serial features of the magazine my second article, it will be noted, had not seen print until more than a year after the first, and there had been even longer gaps between the later ones. Naturally this discouraged me, especially as the articles had been conceived (like the English ones) not as descriptions of fine churches individually considered but as a continuous chronological sketch of a national development of mediæval architecture. Moreover, during the long postponements I had become engrossed in other work and the French churches had dropped into the back of my mind. Therefore, when the editors, wishing to expedite matters in utilizing the rest of Mr. Pennell's pictures, asked me greatly to condense what I was still expected to write, I declined the task and it was passed on to Mrs. Pennell. The resultant book, "French Cathedrals" (which should have been called "French Churches"), I have not chanced to see, but I presume that Mrs. Pennell supplied a text of her own to accompany the illustrations that had been published with my five articles. These five have not been republished in book form. But I have a reminder, given me by the Century Company, of the book I once hoped to make: a complete set of reproductions, separately printed on large paper, of all Mr. Pennell's pictures used with my text or with Mrs. Pennell's.

The original drawings, Mr. Pennell tells us, were asked for and given by him to the French government and are now "buried somewhere in the Luxembourg Gallery cellars." All the originals of the "English Cathedral" series were owned, I believe, by the Century Company. Certainly some of them were, for two of them were given me by the company and now hang on my wall. (They are all much larger, of course, than the reproductions.) What has become of the others I do not know. The Century Company once offered privately for sale some of the multitudes of drawings by various hands that it had acquired. I then bought two or three of Mr. Harry Fenn's, I remember, for ridiculously low prices—four or five dollars apiece. But I do not remember whether any Pennell drawings were sold in this way.

To complete the record I may add that my "English Cathedrals" is still published in two forms—as a large octavo with full-page as well as smaller illustrations (of which there is also an *édition de luxe* on large paper) and in a smaller form for tourists' use, which the publishers call a "Handbook of the English Cathedrals." In this the text is in no way curtailed or altered but the larger pictures are omitted.

New York. M. G. VAN RENSSELAER.

Provincialism

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

It is quite the usual thing today for the younger American writers to assail that particular section of the country which produced them. And as most of our important authors hail from the Middle West, it is this territory which receives unmerciful and indiscriminate castigation. Naturally, many an Eastern and foreign critic is only too ready to echo these opinions. The dulness and mediocrity of small towns is responsible for the exodus to the large cities. Hence the conviction that civilization is inseparable from cosmopolitan life and that urbanity, skepticism, cynical mockery of provincial customs and views is proof positive of the acquisition of culture.

One is tempted to ask if the provincial American environment is so unfavorable, why is it producing today such distinguished literature? Great cities are, of course, indispensable as preservers and transmitters of culture, but is their influence altogether beneficial from the creative standpoint? They would seem a better breeding-ground for critics than for novelists and poets. However that may be, only a second-rate writer fails to find the sympathetic and significant side of his early background. Gerhart Hauptmann's life affords convincing evidence of this. The German Nobel prize-winner has had fruitful contact with more than one foreign civilization; nevertheless he owes his greatest literary debt to his humble younger years. Although far from orthodox, his recurrent mysticism connects him with the Silesian mystics of the seventeenth century.

There are two general types of literature, depending upon the civilization, social and individual; the former flourishes in a country like France, having a single powerful tribunal in Paris, the latter in Germany, with its rival cultural centers. To my mind, our great, sprawling, diversified country resembles the individual rather than the social type. Moreover, it is precisely in the cosmopolitan Middle West that we find a vigorous flowering of a peasant literature, marked by spontaneity and naiveté. But just as soon as our budding author has become citified he shudders at his former provinciality. Henceforth only a truly Parisian and cosmopolitan urbanity and elegance for him! But fortunately practice and theory do not always agree; we find sympathetic and veracious portrayal of people and manners even in the Main Street School.

New Milford, Conn. LAMBERT A. SHEARS.

Thackeray's House

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

I should like to call to your attention a fact which I think might be of interest to your readers. Thackeray's house in which he is supposed to have written "Pendennis" and "Vanity Fair" is in grave danger. I have notified the English reviews and thought that Americans should also know of it, as they are the chief pilgrims to such shrines as Carlyle's house, Johnson's house, etc. Although a large department store here by the name of John Barker's have bought this very fine eighteenth century house and intend destroying its character and making it inaccessible to the public, I feel that should strong enough protest be raised on both sides of the Atlantic it might yet be saved. I feel certain that it would be of interest to your readers—as it is not only a literary shrine but a fine old building. HAZEL GUGGENHEIM WALDMAN.

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Books of the Spring

(*Continued from page 706*)

is a book teeming with fact and illusion, but so admirably compounded and so vivaciously written that it carries the reader along on the stream of its memories. In its pages is the America of the present in solution. Of large if less general interest to Americans, are James Truslow Adams's "New England in the Republic" (Little, Brown), a chronicle of the years 1776-1850; "The War Period in American Finance, 1912-1925" (Putnams), by Alexander Dana Noyes; Owsley's "State Rights in the Confederacy" (Chicago University Press), and the third volume of Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer's "History of the United States Since the Civil War" (Macmillan), tracing events from 1872-1878.

Some year or year and a half after the publication of the first volume of the "Fugger News Letters" (Putnams), edited by Victor von Klarwill, appears the second volume of what approximates to the foreign correspondence of present-day journalism, a collection of letters written as reports to the great merchant princes of sixteenth century Central Europe and specially referring to Queen Elizabeth and England. European history also finds chronicle in R. H. Murray's "The Political Consequences of the Reformation" (Little, Brown); Jacques Bainville's "History of France" (Appleton); the second volume of Elie Halévy's "History of the English People in the Nineteenth Century" (Harcourt, Brace); Sir James O'Connor's "A History of Ireland" (Doran); James J. Shotwell's "The See of Peter" (Columbia University Press), and D. C. Harvey's "The French Régime in Prince Edward Island" (Yale University Press). Ancient history is not neglected, for among other studies have appeared Sir E. A. Wallis Budge's "Babylonian Life and History" (Revell), and the first volume of M. Rostovtzeff's "Social and Economic History of the Ancient World" (Oxford University Press), covering the social and economic history of the early Roman Empire. Under the title "The Human Adventure," Harpers have united two volumes either of which may be obtained separately, "The Ordeal of Civilization," by James Harvey Robinson, and "The Conquest of Civilization," by James Henry Breasted.

Those whose interest is in the history that is in the making rather than that which is past will find books to engage their attention in Henry Pratt Fairchild's "The Melting-Pot" (Little, Brown); John Bakeless's "The Origin of the Next War" (Viking); Count Koudenhove-Kalergi's "Pan-Europe" (Knopf); Maurice Hindus's "Broken Earth" (International), a description of the Russian village today; "China and the West" (Oxford University Press), by W. E. Soothill, and Norton and Woodhead's "Oriental Interpretations of the Far Eastern Problem" (Columbia University Press).

One of the most important philosophical works to come out of Europe in recent years is Oswald Spengler's "The Decline of the West" (Knopf), the second volume of which has now been translated into English and is published under one cover with the first. Another important volume about to make its appearance is Boodin's "Cosmic Evolution" (Macmillan), while of recent publication is J. W. Mason's "Creative Freedom" (Harpers), and of longer standing Maurice de Wulf's "History of Mediæval Philosophy" (Longmans, Green). Three other books that should receive mention are Graham Wallas's "The Art of Thought" (Harcourt, Brace), Harry Elmer Barnes's "History and Social Intelligence" (Knopf), and J. A. Hobson's "Free Thought in the Social Sciences" (Macmillan), in which is drawn an interesting comparison between liberalism in English and American colleges.

In the field of the drama there is noticeable the increasing frequency with which the successes of the New York stage are given preservation in book form. Among dramatic works that have held the boards in Manhattan to find publication are Eugene O'Neill's "The Great God Brown," "The Fountain," and "The Moon of the Caribees," issued in one volume by Boni & Liveright; "The Dybbuk" (Boni & Liveright), by S. Ansky, which has won the unanimous and enthusiastic praise of the professional critics, and is running both in English and Yiddish versions in New York, and John Van Druten's "Young Woodley" (Simon & Schuster), a portrayal of English public school life and of the adolescent boy which was suppressed when it was put on the stage in London and which for weeks has been playing to full houses in New York. The recently opened exhibition of the theatre arts in New York should stimulate interest in Huntley Carter's "The New Spirit in the European Theatre" (Doran), while George C. D. Odell's forthcoming "History of the Theatre in New York" (Columbia University Press), should find a ready welcome. Admirers of Romain Rolland will undoubtedly turn with pleasure to the translation by Van Wyck and Eleanor S. Brooks of his "The Game of Love and Death" (Holt).

Of poetry there has been a fairly small grist in recent months. Of the poets whose names are already known, Alfred Kreymborg in "Scarlet and Mellow" (Boni & Liveright), Ezra Pound in his collected poems called "Personæ" (Boni & Liveright), Genevieve Taggard in "Words for the Chisel" (Knopf), and Lola Ridge in "Fire-Head" (Viking), have contributed volumes. New names to appear are Melville Cane with "January Garden" (Harcourt, Brace); Virginia Moore with "Not Poppy" (Harcourt, Brace), and Edward Davison with "Harvest of Youth" (Harpers). Among other books of verse are "Songs and Ballads of the Shanty-Boy" (Harvard University Press), edited by Franz Rickaby, "Blues" (A. & C. Boni), by W. C. Handy; "Dawn Boy" (Dutton), by Eda Lou Walton, a collection of songs by the American Indians, and Joseph Auslander's "Cyclops' Eye" (Harpers). A new volume by Vachel Lindsay, "Going to the Stars," is announced by Macmillan.

In the domain of *belles lettres* there has been a steady and interesting flow of books. A number of volumes of contemplative essays, presenting with mellowness their authors' philosophy of life or critique on the passing show have appeared or are announced. Among them may be cited Robert Lynd's "The Money Box" (Appleton); Rose Macaulay's "A Casual Commentary" (Boni & Liveright); Theodore Dreiser's "Moods Cadenced and Declined" (Boni & Liveright); Viscount Grey's "Fallodon Papers" (Houghton Mifflin); Joseph Conrad's "Last Essays" (Doubleday, Page); Robert Shaffer's "Christianity and Naturalism" (Yale University Press); Bertrand Russell's "Education and the Good Life" (Boni & Liveright); Christopher Morley's "The Romany Stain" (Doubleday, Page); Ernest M. Hopkins's "Man and His Fellows" (Princeton University Press); William Bolitho's "Camera Obscura" (Harpers), and Irwin Edman's "Richard Kane Looks at Life" (Houghton Mifflin).

The critics and editors have also been busy, the list of new publications including "Critical Woodcuts" (Scribners), by Stuart Sherman, a stimulating volume in large part composed of articles contributed to *Books of the Herald-Tribune*; "Forms of Poetry" (Harcourt, Brace), by Louis Untermeyer; "Poetry and Criticism" (Holt), by Edith Sitwell; "French Studies and Reviews" (Dial), by Richard Aldington; "Four Novelists of the Old Régime" (Viking), by J. Garber Palache, and "A Study in Smollett" (Yale University Press), by Howard S. Back.

In different vein are Henshaw Ward's "Thobbing" (Bobbs-Merrill), an attack on the philistine mind by the author of "Evolution for John Doe"; Herbert Ravenel Sass's "Adventures in Green Places" (Minton, Balch); Felix Riesenberg's "Vignettes of the Sea" (Harcourt, Brace), and Donald Ogden Stewart's "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock in Paris" (Harpers).

With the spring the *wanderlust* takes on new longing, and the roving mind turns to tales of journeying with an interest born of hope of summer travels and yearning for the open. If you would add an edge to appetite read some of the chronicles which fortunate voyagers have supplied, books such as Waldo Frank's "Virgin Spain" (Boni & Liveright); Louis Golding's "Sicilian Noon" (Knopf); "The Glamour of British Columbia" (Century), by H. Glynn-Ward; Padraic Colum's "The Road Round Ireland" (Macmillan); "Nomad's Land" (Doran), by Mary Roberts Rinehart; "An American Among the Riffi" (Century), by Vincent Sheean; "On the Mandarin Road" (Century), by Roland Dorgelès (Century), and "My Journey to Lhassa" (Harpers), by Madame Alexandra David. Another volume of travel of very different order should have mention here, Manuel Komroff's edition of "The Travels of Marco Polo, the Venetian" (Boni & Liveright).

Finally, before approaching fiction, which we have kept for the last as in the eyes of the great generality of readers "the best of all the game," there is a considerable group of books of varied interest to be noted. Foremost among these is Paul de Kruif's "Microbe Hunters" (Harcourt, Brace), a stimulating account of some of the heroes of medical science who have, to paraphrase Mark Sullivan in his "Turn of the Century," done more to save life for the world than the war ever did to destroy it. At the poles removed from this book is Terry Ramsaye's "A Million and One Nights" (Simon & Schuster), a chronicle of the motion picture industry shortly to be published and sure to be full of picturesque material. A volume that women who have used the old edition will welcome is "The New Common Sense in the Household" (Stokes), by Marion Harland and Christine T. Herrick, while the bridge player will be eager to secure Wilbur C. Whitehead's "Whitehead's Complete Auction Bridge" (Stokes), and the golfer will want Grantland Rice's "The Duffer's Handbook of Golf" (Macmillan). Other volumes of miscellaneous nature which deserve mention are Ross Santee's "Men and Horses" (Century), and "The English Inn Past and Present" (Lippincott), by Harold D. Eberlein and A. E. Richardson.

Weightier works that should not go without naming are "The Rise of Modern Industry" (Harcourt, Brace), by J. L. and Barbara Hammond; "The Philosophy of Labor" (Oxford University Press), by C. Delisle Burns, and a book of entirely different sort, remarkable alike for text and illustrations; "Fix Bayonets" (Scribners), by John W. Thomason, Jr.

Though the output of fiction is no less generous than usual, there is perhaps less of striking interest than has been published during recent seasons. In a way the most notable book of the spring period is "Lolly Willowes" (Viking), by Sylvia Townsend Warner, a young English writer who has recently produced a most creditable volume of poems as well as this delicately wrought tale. Until the devil, which in the guise of a cat, plays protagonist in the story gets the better of it, the romance is wrought with rare delicacy and genuine artistry; had it been as good in the last third of its length as in its first two-thirds, it would have had strong claims to a permanent place on the literary shelf. Sarah G. Millin, in "Mary Glen" (Boni & Liveright), has produced a tale less powerful than her "God's Stepchildren" of last year, but one nevertheless of considerable force and effectiveness; Storm Jameson, in "Three Kingdoms" (Knopf), has treated with skill the worn theme of the woman who tries to reconcile marriage and a career; Brand Whitlock, in "Uprooted" (Appleton), has revived the Howellesque portrayal of the American transplanted to Europe, while T. S. Stribling in "Teeftallow" (Doubleday, Page), and Rose Wilder Lane in "Hill Billy" (Harpers), have portrayed the American mountaineer of Tennessee and Missouri in the stark grimness of their civilization. By way of contrast to this stern realism may be mentioned a group of romantic novels, George Moore's "Ulich and Soracha" (Boni & Liveright), a tale woven about Robert Bruce's invasion of Ireland; "Spanish Bayonet" (Doran), by Stephen Vincent Benét, the story of an early Spanish settlement in Florida; "The Fourth Queen" (Boni & Liveright), by Isabel Paterson, a romance of Elizabethan days; "Hangman's House" (Century), by Donn Byrne; "The Great Valley" (Little, Brown), by Mary Johnston, a tale of the Shenandoah in the early period of Virginia; "The High Adventure" (Little, Brown), by Jeffery Farnol, and the reissue of F. Frankfort Moore's "Jessamy Bride (Duffield). The mystery story and tale of adventure still flourish like the proverbial green bay tree, numbering in their category such tales as "Fifty Candles" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Earl Derr Biggers; "Bittern Point" (A. & C. Boni), by Virginia MacFadyen, a story of terror of quite unusual power; "Hearts of Hickory" (Cokesbury), by John T. Moore; "The Strange Adventures of Mr. Collin" (Crowell), by Frank Heller; "The Green Dragon" (Dial), by J. Jefferson Farjeon; "The Puzzle Lock" (Dodd, Mead), by A. Austin Freeman, who can be relied upon to provide mystery literature of ingenuity; "The Land of Mist" (Doran), by A. Conan Doyle, a pseudo-scientific story of the type of its author's "The Lost World;" "The Black Flemings" (Doubleday, Page), in which Kathleen Norris has distilled a highly romantic love tale with an element of mystery; John Metcalfe's "The Smoking Leg" (Doubleday, Page), one of the best of the tales of the mystery *genre* to appear; Sinclair Lewis's forthcoming "Mantrap" (Harcourt, Brace), a tale of adventure in the Canadian north; John Masefield's "Odtaa" (Macmillan), the puzzling title of which is explained as being the abbreviation for "one damn thing after another"; Edison Marshall's "Child of the Wild" (Cosmopolitan); "E. Phillips Oppenheim's "The Golden Beast" (Little, Brown, Elswyth Thane's "Riders of the Wind" (Stokes), and "White Fire" (Dutton), by Louis Joseph Vance.

The no longer younger generation is represented in novels such as Aldous Huxley's "Two or Three Graces" (Doran); Floyd Dell's "Love in Greenwich Village" (Knopf); F. W. Bronson's "Spring Running" (Doran); "Glenway Westcott's "The Grandmothers" (A. & C. Boni), and Scott Fitzgerald's "All the Sad Young Men" (Scribners), while a new generation is heralded by Nathalia Crane's "Sunken Garden" (Seltzer).

In "Soldier's Pay" (Boni & Liveright),

(*Continued on next page*)

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

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A BALANCED RATION

HILL-BILLY. By *Rose Wilder Lane.* (Harpers).

THE ORIGIN OF THE NEXT WAR. By JOHN BAKELESS. (Viking.)

DAWN BOY. By EDA LOU WALTON. (Dutton.)

SOMETIMES I wish I were a column conductor instead of a Guide. Mr. Morley has the grippe and the public benefits—via the Bowling Green—by two columns of lucent prose. Whereas here I am in Misericordia Hospital with a broken left arm, and all this local color going to waste. And such heavenly color! Fate, when she is playing for a dirty trick, has her moments of relenting; in one of these she catapulted me into a community of whose existence I was unaware until I went through the front door, to be comforted by the *Soeurs de Misericorde* in charming chirping French—like being in Paris six weeks ahead of time. The atmosphere of this hospital, blended of the Old World and the other world, cries out for literary expression—and all the use a department like this can make of my accident is to inform correspondents who will be looking for replies to questions that by the time this gets into print I shall be back at home, attacking a pile of mail with a lively sympathy for the famous one-armed paperhanger.

H. M. R., N. Y., needs literature in English—not guide-books—on the Basque country, and books in French that may be read to familiarize oneself with the legends, romances, and general atmosphere of that neighborhood, in preparation for a stay there.

"THE Basque Country" is one of a series of handbooks with beautiful color plates published by A. & C. Black: the pictures are by Romilly Fedden, and the descriptions—unusually suggestive for the tourist—are by Katherine Fedden. It is a sort of super-guide, with indicated trips. For the country in general there is Hilaire Belloc's classic, "The Pyrenees" and "Hill Towns of the Pyrenees", by Amy Oakley (Century), illustrated with woodcuts by Thornton Oakley: this has a section on the Basque country.

Of books in French, the most ingratiating is a little work by Abbé Dubildos, "Les Basques," published by A. Foltzer, 9 rue Jacques-Lafitte, Bayonne. It is called an "essai de psychologie pittoresque," and is full of leads for the intelligent traveller. The "Petite Histoire du Pays Basque," of Joseph Nogaret, in the bulletin of the *Société d'Études Regionales*, Bayonne, has a bibliography of books in French. Pierre Lhande has an article, "L'Enigme Basque," in *Etudes*, Paris, for this year (vol. 184), said to be part of a forthcoming book, "Le Pays Basque à Vol d'Oiseau". As for romances with scene laid there, Abbé Dubildos says that everyone who comes into the country goes to the nearest bookshop and gets Loti's "Ramuntcho," which is to this part of the world what his "Iceland Fisherman" and "Mme. Chrysanthème" are for those lands. Miguel de Unamuno is a Basque: S. de Madariaga, in his illuminating study "The Genius of Spain" (Oxford), calls him the greatest contemporary figure of this ancient people. In this book, in the section on the novelist Pio Baroja, a Basque considered by many critics to be the most important novelist of Spain, there is an excellent analysis of typical features of character and conduct resulting from Basque blood. Baroja's brilliant sketches for an autobiography, "Youth and Egolatry" (Knopf), might well be added to this list.

Spring Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

William Faulkner has portrayed with power and insight the effects of the war on a post-war world. The conflict, however, on the whole, plays a small part in the fiction of the season; it furnishes, however, the background for the third of R. H. Mottram's novels, "The Crime at Vanderlynden's" (Dial). In contrast to the soberness of such tales as these stand out the gay "The Fourth Lunatic" (Dodd, Mead), of J. Storer Clouston, "He Rather Enjoyed It" (Doran), by P. G. Wodehouse; "Alice Duer Miller's "Instruments of Darkness" (Dodd, Mead), and "The Love Nest" (Scribners), by Ring Lardner. Novels whose authorship and treatment entitle them to special mention are Charles G. Norris's "Pig Iron" (Dutton); Daniel Wilbur Steele's "Urkey Island" (Harcourt, Brace); Thyra Samter Winslow's "Show Business" (Knopf); Robert Herrick's "Chimes" (Macmillan); James Branch Cabell's forthcoming "The Silver Stallion" (McBride); Edith Wharton's collection of short stories, "Here and Beyond" (Appleton); Heywood Broun's "Gandle Follows His Nose" (Boni & Liveright); C. E. Montague's "Rough Justice" (Doubleday, Page); "The Plumed Serpent" (Knopf), by D. H. Lawrence; "Clara Barron" (Harpers), by Harvey O'Higgins; "Relations" (Harpers), by Sir Harry Johnston, and "The Half Breed and Other Stories" (Columbia University Press), by Walt Whitman.

Foreign fiction still continues to appear in English translation; indeed the spring lists present a notable array of volumes by authors from abroad. Among them may be mentioned Jacob Wassermann's "Oberlin's Three Stages" (Harcourt, Brace); Pierre Benoit's "Jacob's Well" (International); Arthur Schnitzler's "Beatrice" (Simon & Schuster); "The Sacred Tree" (Houghton Mifflin), a continuation of the delightful Japanese novel by Lady Muraski, "The Tale of Genji"; Knut Hamsun's "Rosa" (Knopf); Emile Henriot's "Aricie Brun" (Viking); Thomas Mann's "Royal Highness" (Knopf); Helène Stöcker's "Love and Life" (Seltzer).

Finally in concluding mention may be made of such books as "If To-day Have No To-morrow," (Dutton), by Olive Gilbreath; "Man Alone" (Putnams), by George Agnew Chamberlain; "Tinsel" (Appleton), by Charles Hanson Towne; "Rendezvous" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Elizabeth Finley Thomas; "Gypsy Down the Lane" (Small, Maynard), by T. Williamson; "Flight" (Knopf), by Walter White, and Temple Bailey's "Blue Window."

The New Books

(*Continued from page 610*)

Miscellaneous

noticed in *The Saturday Review.* It is, if you will, a new approach to geography. Beginning with general geographic terms, and then moving on from country to country the authors take the important names of cities, rivers, districts, and give their meaning. History is usually wrapped up in these meanings, and if not history, then poetry. For a trivial but amusing example, there is Penn Yann, N. Y.

Settlers came there from two regions, Pennsylvania and New England, and as each group was unwilling to have the other name the place, they called it Penn Yann.

Or with deeper roots, Verdun—

Verdun is a name that gives us a record of the time of transition. Verdun was originally Virondunum, and thus combined the Latin *virman*, and *dunum*, a Celtic word meaning hill fortress. Brave men they were, too, who held this hill fortress in the World War.

Some additions to the bibliography of Father John B. Tabb have just been made by J. H. Whitty, editor of the "Complete Poems" of Poe, who has brought together the largest collection of first editions and original manuscripts of Father Tabb ever made, now on exhibition at Miller & Rhoads, Richmond, Va. These additions include "Selections of Poems," by Alice Meynell, which should be London, 1906, instead of New York, 1907. There have now appeared three editions of this book, the last two having corrections, additions and an appreciation of Father Tabb by Mrs. Meynell. Only one edition of Father Tabb's prose work, "Bone Rules," were previously recorded. There are at least four editions known to Mr. Whitty. The edition of 1901, with "New and Revised Edition" on the title, and containing two extra pages inserted on page 64, "on sentences to be corrected," was suppressed, because Father Tabb was not satisfied with it.

IT isn't considered good taste, we know, when there are guests in the house to turn the spotlight on the family, but we are about to commit that breach of decorum, for we propose to direct attention to "Good Theatre," by Christopher Morley, which takes the place of the essay in our issue of today. We're doing it not because we wish to display the qualities of our contributing editor—we're ready at any time to tell you how much his gusto enlivens our office when he comes in with his brief case oozing papers and his gay sallies—but because his play which presents Shakespeare and Bacon in puzzled consultation outside a Broadway jazz comedy has special timeliness.

1926 marks the three hundredth anniversary of the death of Francis Bacon, that "counsel learned in the law extraordinary," whose political crimes belong to history while his works and his influence still energize the present. What "microbe hunter" gave his best more truly for science than Bacon, who died as the result of a cold caught during an experiment upon the refrigeration of meat?

What perchance would the shades of philosopher or bard think of the Broadway theatre of today? Three hundred years after the death of the former a modern man of letters hazards a guess in the first play to be printed in ***The Saturday Review.***

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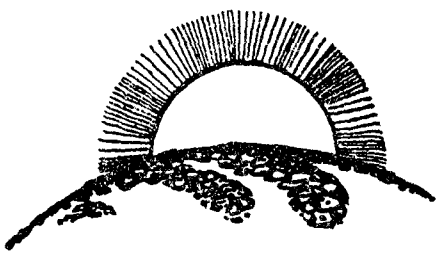

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The Phoenix Nest

FOR the last half hour we have been immersed in *John Barrymore's* "Confessions of an Actor." It comes from Bobbs-Merrill. Yes, we know we referred to it last week, but now we've been reading it. It is an amusingly anecdotal small volume, and so human and lively that one can hardly lay it down. * * * *Charles B. Cochran's* "Secrets of a Showman," also before us, is much bulkier biography than the Barrymore book, stuffed with anecdote and full of famous personages. * * * *William Nicholson* has designed the engaging cover. The illustrations are extremely interesting. * * * Two Plays of the Hebrides by *John Brandane* come from Houghton Mifflin. The jacket of the book remarks that, in this playwright, the Scottish National Theatre has produced someone comparable to *Synge* and *Lady Gregory* in the Irish Theatre. * * * Mr. Brandane writes peasant comedy and tragedy. * * * We must mildly chide Henry Holt for allowing "Criticism" to be spelt "Critisicism" not only on the jacket but also on the cover of *Edith Sitwell's* "Poetry and Criticism." In other respects this small book is attractively made. * * * *Homer Croy* has created quite a humorous character in Pike Peters, hero of "They Had to See Paris," which comes from Harper's clothed in bright cerise. * * * *Margaret Cameron* wrote some nice light stories years ago, then she became interested in spiritualism and put forth "The Seven Purposes" (which ruined a lovely fantastic title we might once have used, "The Seven Porpoises"). Now, in "A Sporting Chance" she gives us a most amusing melodramatic comedy. Harper's again. * * * An appeal for world peace, by *Arthur Ponsonby*, Late British Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, appears from Seltzer, entitled, "Now Is the Time." * * * "Gracious God, Sir!" Ponsonby quotes from *Charles James Fox*, on the title-page, "Is war a state of probation? Is peace a rash system? Is it dangerous for nations to live in amity with each other?" * * * The same firm gives us a mystery story, "The Stranger Within the Gates," by *C. Nina Boyle;* and Simon and Schuster, in presenting another mystery story, by *Ronald A. Knox*—viz: "The Viaduct Murder"—remark that this latter was read by four inveterate, "hard-boiled" readers of detective stories, and pronounced by all four "the best ever." * * * Another book for Bridge fiends, "So They Played Bridge *And How!*"—by *Hugh Tuite*, with illustrations by *Beaumont Rigby*. Nuff sed. * * * The most important announcement of a new publishing house that has come to our ears for some time is that of the incorporation of The John Day Company, which concern we welcomed to our own office-building, though of course on another floor, on the first of April. * * * The Officers of The John Day Company are *Richard J. Walsh* (formerly editor of *Collier's*) President; *Cleland R. Austin* (recently vice-president and treasurer of the General Equipment Company), Vice-President and Treasurer; *Trell W. Yocum* (formerly associate editor of *Collier's*), Vice-President; *Guy Holt* (late secretary and literary adviser of Robert M. McBride & Company), Secretary. * * * The name of the new company is derived from that of *John Day*, one of the earliest publishers of books in the English language, and we greatly admire the beautiful resuscitated emblem of the company; depicting a sleeper being quite thoroughly shaken, with the caption, "Arise, for it is Day!" * * * Our best salute to the new firm. The presence of *Guy Holt* alone should insure its future. * * * A magnificent rumour is now going the rounds, that The Three Hours For Lunch Club is likely to publish a Book of Proceedings next fall. Indeed we hope so. It is sure to be a gallimaufry of gambols. * * * A book that recently received the Prix Femina-Vie Heureuse in France, and has gone through fifty or sixty printings there, is *Joseph Delteil's* "Joan of Arc," now translated by *Malcolm Cowley* and published over here by Minton, Balch & Company. * * * We were discussing the sonnet the other evening, apropos of *Meredith's* "Modern Love" series not being sonnets at all but "sixteeners." Now comes a letter and inclosure from *R. L. Burgess*, Editor of the *San Jose News* out in California. Here they are:

Sibyl Croly Hanchett, of Saratoga, California, has, I believe, invented a new sonnet form. It's three Rubaiyat quatrains with a final couplet hooked into the third quatrain. Please note the symmetry of the thing, starting off with a three-rhyme set, then two four-rhyme sets, and, lastly, a three-rhyme set. Then, too, it breaks very neatly into an octet and sestet as per Hoyle his book. The lady, after evolving the new form and a final couplet, felt her inspiration fail momentarily, so I dashed off the first twelve lines of the enclosed, journalistically reporting the idea she gave me. And the big thing is the new sonnet form. Now, just see if it isn't. And if it is, run it, for the benefit of a waiting world, with my blessing. Enclosed as follows:

REV. BABBITT IN HIS BATHTUB
He meditated on the whopping seas
That froth in the huge world's interstices,
Filling the lovely honeycomb of earth
With the brine-honey of old cosmic bees.
He saw the stellar system with its dearth
Of prosy substance, millions of its girth
Empty, only imagined ether there—
A dream to give vacuity a worth.
So, swimming out into the sacred air,
He felt his soul, washen and whetted bare,
Go stabbing on to God with a long lunge
While he congealed his face in a slow stare
And naked stood, and missed his morning plunge,
Pondering the seaborn marvel of a sponge.

* * * *June Hillyer's* "Reluctantly Told" is said to be an extraordinary document, the true story of a mental breakdown. It bears an introduction by *Dr. Joseph Collins* and is being brought out by Macmillan. * * * "Teachers, employers and social workers," says Dr. Collins, "should find it a most instructive book. They all come in contact with young men and women in the early stages of mental disease and they are at a loss to know what advice to give, how they can best help safeguard the welfare of the potential lunatic. They will be in a better position to accomplish this after reading this book than before." * * * A new volume of interest in the field of poetic criticism is "Poets and Their Art" by *Harriet Monroe*, editor of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, author of "The New Poetry" and poet in her own right. Here are critiques, comments and queries that explore the entire field of contemporary verse. * * * We have not yet mentioned reading *Heywood Broun's* "Gandle Follows His Nose." We found it slight but very successful after its kind. The touch is light but certain. There is much charm and hidden wisdom in this fantasy, and a great deal of human nature. * * * This is a Boni & Liveright Book as is "The Fourth Queen" by *Isabel Paterson*, the delightful *I. M. P.* of the *Herald-Tribune's Books*, who does weekly "Turns with a Book Worm." * * * Mrs. Paterson's story, into which we have dipped, starts off with a vivid picture of Drake's defeat of the Armada. *Charles Kingsley*, *Alfred Ollivant* and *Alfred Noyes* despite, Mrs. Paterson makes the time entirely her own. She knows how to write an historical novel. * * * If you can't get through *Dreiser's* "An American Tragedy," why don't you try his "Moods Cadenced and Declaimed" (Liveright), a collection of free expressions that achieve a new strange form. * * * But then you may balk at the "limited edition only" of these varied moods. There are five hundred numbered copies, Octavo $7.50. * * * A meeting at the Colony Club was recently held in memory of the late *Amy Lowell*. *Mrs. August Belmont* (née *Eleanor Robson*) read beautifully from Miss Lowell's work, and *Grace Hazard Conkling*, the poet, spoke in tribute. * * * We have seen "East Lynne," and have enjoyed it thoroughly,—and later we witnessed the Theatre Guild's new play, "The Chief Thing," by *Nicholas Evréinoff*, who was for several years a theatre director in Petrograd. * * * The wise and witty lady with whom we went characterized the play as a combination of "The Passing of The Third Floor Back" and the Commedia Delle Arte! * * * We highly admired the unexpected ending of the drama, which bursts into a harlequinade and pirouettes with question marks. The general scheme was clever and always entertaining. We could not quite account for the wives of the polygamist. They looked to us like cross-word puzzles. But certainly a highly enjoyable evening was had. * * * And so, lowing, we now wind slowly o'er the lea.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

BRET HARTE FIRST EDITIONS.

THE Charles Meeker Kozlay collection of Bert Harte first editions, rare ephemera, autograph presentation copies, autograph letters, to which were added an important collection of first editions of modern authors, including Conrad, Clemens, Kipling, Hearn, Stevenson, were sold at the American Art Galleries March 18. The sale created a good deal of interest among collectors and many high prices were realized.

A few of the more important lots and the prices which they brought were the following:

The Golden Era, A California newspaper, 11 vols., atlas folio, half leather, San Francisco, 1856-1870. Most complete file known. Contains numerous contributions by Bret Harte. $475.

The Californian, 52 numbers, May 28, 1864, to May 20, 1865, 1 vol., folio, half morocco, San Francisco, 1864-65. Contains numerous poems and sketches by Bret Harte. $175.

Harte (Bret). "Outcroppings: Being Selections of California Verse," square 12mo, cloth, San Francisco, 1866. First issue of the first edition, with presentaion inscription by Bret Harte. $135.

Harte. "The Lost Galleon and Other Tales," 12mo, cloth, San Francisco, 1867. First edition with A. L. S. of the author. $150.

Harte. "The Luck of Roaring Camp, and Other Sketches," 12mo, cloth, Boston, 1870. First issue of the first edition with A. L. S. of the author inserted. $140.

Harte. "The Pliocene Skull," 4to, green wrappers, Washington, 1871. First issue of the first edition, with A. L. S. of the author. $550.

Harte. A. L. S. 4 pp., April 2, 1873, concerning a pirated edition of "Mliss." $80.

Harte. "Mliss," 8vo, original wrappers, New York, 1873. First edition of one of the rarest of Bret Harte's works. With A. L. S. of the author. $1,100.

Harte. "Deacon Jones Expeniences," 8vo, 4 pp., leaflet, unbound, as issued, Cleveland, 1874. Probably unique. $260.

Harte. "Gabriel Conroy," 3 vols., 12mo, cloth. London, 1876. First edition of the author's first novel. $100.

Harte. "The Story of Mliss, Child of the Sierras," dramatized by Clay M. Greene and A. S. Thompson, 18mo, original pictorial wrappers, Philadelphia, 1878. Probably unique pamphlet. $190.

Harte. "Sunlight," by George Augustus Sala, Bret Harte, Joseph Hatton and George R. Sims, 18mo, pictorial wrappers, Port Sunlight, 1893. A practically unknown Harte item, containing his "The Home-Coming of Jim Wilkes." $50.

Harte. "Mr. Jack Hamlin's Mediation and Other Stories," 12mo, cloth, Boston, 1899. First edition, autograph presentation copy from the author. $60.

Harte. A collection of bibliographical data and other Harteana, card list, note books, newspaper clippings, and correspondence. $410.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

THE correspondence of Sir Sidney Lee, rich in fine literary letters from men and women of distinction of his own time, was presented to the British Museum in his Will.

An important collection of incunabula, early woodcuts, emblem books, selected from the library of Gilbert R. Redgrave, vice-president of the Bibliographical Society of London, will be sold at Sotheby's in London May 3 and 4.

A complete survey of all of the books produced by the first English press is included in the study of "Caxton" by Professor N. S. Aurner which Philip Allen of London has in preparation. An appendix contains verbatim reprints of Caxton's original prefaces and introductions.

George W. Fuller, librarian of the Spokane Public Library, has edited a bibliography on bookplates and his library has published it. This is the first comprehensive survey of bookplate literature. The volume has 19 pages of introductory essay, 94 pages devoted the main list and a thorough index. The edition is limited to 500 copies of which 450 are for sale.

Another Dickens anniversary has recently been celebrated. The Dickens Fellowship, which has its headquarters at Dickens House, in London, at 48 Doughty Street, held its annual dinner at the Criterion, under the chairmanship of Pett Ridge, the novelist. Far from waning, Dickens appreciators are increasing. Only last summer his old home in Doughty Street was secured as a permanent museum, and now the Dickens Library and Matz collection have been transferred there, together with translations of his works in Czech, French, German, Hungarian, Polish, Rumanian, and Serbian, presented by the respective governments in the beginning of the years.

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